

This Paper has attained swifter popularity than any ever before published.

£100
INSURANCE
FOR
Football
Players.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

£1,000
Railway
INSURANCE.
(Half through
Ocean Insurance
Company.)

Vol. I.—No. 16.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

**DON'T
WORRY!
USE SUNLIGHT
SOAP**

SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITION.
PRIZES value over £600.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS ONLY.

Competitors not to be over 17 years of age.

The first of these Monthly Competitions commenced on August 1st, and will be followed by others on September 1st, October 1st, November 1st, December 1st, &c., until further notice. There is no element of chance in these competitions, the winning of a Prize depending entirely on the perseverance and trouble taken to collect the Wrappers. The Competitions are held every Month, so failure in one does not discourage, but stimulates to a fresh effort.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £600.—50 Silver Keyless Lever Watches, Value £4 4s. each. 100 Silver Keyless Watches, Value 50s. each. 5 Tricycles and 5 Safety Bicycles.

Names of Winners of each month's Competition will be advertised in THE DIAL and Answers the fourth week of the month following.

Send full names and address on Post-card for Rules to LEYER BROS., Ltd., Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead.

BEWARE! Do not allow other Soaps, said to be the same as the "Sunlight Soap," to be palmed off upon you. If you do, you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "SUNLIGHT" is stamped upon every tablet, and printed upon every wrapper.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."



Warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

"2, St. John's Place, Lisson Grove, London, N.W., Feb. 1, 1890.

"Having been cured by your Clarke's Blood Mixture, I feel that I ought to testify to its value. I suffered with a bad leg for about 16 months. I tried a doctor and different remedies, taking to my bed, and still getting worse, until a friend recommended me to give Clarke's Mixture a trial. I did so, but must confess I had not much faith that I should receive any benefit. However, after taking a couple of bottles, I found myself improving, and after taking seven bottles and using one pot of the salve, was pleased to find myself thoroughly cured, and better on my feet than I have been for many years. I send you this testimonial totally unsolicited, and solely for the good of others.—I beg to remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully.

"WILLIAM CLAW."

Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 15s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. By all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 2s. or 15s. stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN. TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

Ask for

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

And do not be persuaded to take an Imitation.

Fry's
Pure
Cocoa

TO SECURE THIS
ARTICLE ASK FOR FRY'S
CONCENTRATED COCOA.

J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL LONDON, & SYDNEY.

This preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly soluble and easily digested. It makes a most delightful beverage for breakfast or supper.

43 PRIZE Diploma of Honour, Highest Award
43 MEDALS. Edinboro', 1890.

Consumption, Catarrh,

Bronchitis, Asthma,

AND

DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND RESPIRATORY ORGANS.

Positively CURABLE by an Entirely New Remedy.

For full particulars of this remarkable treatment, which has proved successful in over twenty thousand cases abandoned as hopeless, read "THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION."

By E. W. ALABONE, M.D.,

Pa., U.S.A., F.R.M.S., late Consulting Physician to the Home for Reclaimed Females, Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Post free 5s.; Small Edition 6d.

Dr. FAIRBAIRN writes:—"The success of your treatment of consumption is simply marvellous. I have had no less than sixty cases of Cure during the last year."

Dr. YOUNG writes:—"Your remedy for consumption has proved a success in my own case, after having been given up by several physicians."

The most eminent physicians are testifying to the extraordinary results obtained from this treatment.

We earnestly request our readers to obtain the book, and judge for themselves of the facts with which it deals.

NOBLE'S SERGES.

For Ladies, Gentlemen's and Children's wear, in all styles, colours, widths, and qualities, from 54d. to 12s. 6d. the yard. Such a large collection of diverse styles in Serges cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Everyone should see them, and buy them, as they stand UNRIVALLED for appearance, economy, and wear; in fact, if they have a fault at all, it is that they wear too long.

Write at once (naming this paper) for Pattern Books, Post Free, on approval, and see for yourselves.

The Marvellous Variety & Cheapness.

Noble's New Illustrated Catalogue should be in every home; send for a copy gratis and post free.

JOHN NOBLE, SERGE WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER.

THE MINIATURE POCKET TYPE WRITER,

Post Free 10/6 Complete.

The only practical Type Writer ever produced at this price.

Specimen of work and full particulars Post Free.

THE MINIATURE POCKET TYPE WRITER CO., SWAN ARCADE, BRADFORD, YORKS.

BUY ONLY BLAKEY'S.

£30 PRIZES.

No. 19.—Cash Prizes, £30, £5, £3, £1, £1, 10s., 10s., to those persons counting most correctly the number of letters "e" in the first Six Chapters of St. John. Use ordinary Bibles and not the Revised Edition. No mistaking rules, as only those "E's" (both Capital and Small) which occur in verses to count, headings and marginal references not to count. Thus it is easy and fair for all. Simply write down number you find in each Chapter and grand total. Enclose with fee (only 1s. P.O.) and a stamped addressed envelope for Result Sheet, which will be sent to every competitor, together with prizes to the winners, certain November 8th. Post your letters before October 30th. N.B.—I do not, like many promoters, offer prizes which I cannot pay; over £500 has already been given in prizes. My competitions are strictly legal and genuine, and are patronized by the clergy and ladies and gentlemen of all denominations throughout the British Isles. Prizes will be paid in full, if only one person sends; ties equally divide. Address—C. BARNES, 9, PROSPECT ROAD, BROMPTON, KENT. Name this Paper.

THE WORLD'S WONDER.

"ECLIPSE" CARPETS.

(REGISTERED).

The Largest ever Sold at the Price.

I will forward, direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of Amount,

A GENUINE WOVEN

REVERSIBLE CARPET,

Carriage 4/9 Free.

Suitable for Sitting-room or Bedroom, bordered and woven in art shades, large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. A RUG sent with Carpet, 1s. 6d. extra; or two Carpets and two Rugs for 10s. 6d.; or four Carpets and four Rugs, 20s. Carriage Paid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Do not miss this opportunity. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to F. HODGSON, Manufacturer, Importer, and Merchant, LEEDS. Please mention Pearson's Weekly.

THE IMMORTAL BARD SAYS:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty, For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood; Nor did not with unbalshful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore is my age as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly."—SHAKESPEARE ("As You Like It," Act II. sc. 3).

And those who would have their old age "frosty, but kindly," should send for full information respecting the "SELF RESTORER." Its marvellous recuperative powers fully explained; also showing plainly how to restore Vital Strength and Energy to the most debilitated men, who will find in this invention a boon. No medicine, trouble, or expense of doctor's bills.—Particulars with invaluable Diet rules, Post Free. To be had from

H. DEVAN AND CO., Registered Chemists, 175, Wardour Street, London, W. Established nearly 40 years.

HAIR REMOVED

Roots, &c., removed on receipt of P. W. IRETON & Co., 92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

Fourth (Illustrated) Edition, post free, 6 stamps. "THE HUMAN HAIR," its Treatment in Health and Disease. Contains the true causes, treatment and successful cure of Baldness, Greyness, Bald Patches, Scurf, &c., also how to destroy superfluous hair. Do not waste money on so-called "Restorers," Cantharides Lotions, useless receipts and other speculative advertisements.

The Court Journal says: "Mr. Horn's suggestions and proposed remedies are well worth consideration, especially as they have been endorsed by high medical and other authorities."

The Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart says: "If anyone follows out Mr. Horn's advice, he will be able to preserve his 'fetal' beauty longer than he expected."—O. E. HORN, Hair Specialist (from the Berlin Skin Hospital), Newport, Isle of Wight, N.B.—Foreign Stamps accepted to value.



RUBBER STAMPS.

Your Monogram to mark Linen or Paper: Two letters, 1s.; Three letters, 1s. 6d.; any Name, 1s. 6d. Box, Pad, and Ink included. All kinds of Stamps. Patterns Free. Carriage 3d. extra. Agents Wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This is no fraud or given away advertisement.—P. W. IRETON & Co., 92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

"REAL IRISH TWEEDS"

NEW PATTERNS NOW IN AUTUMN & WINTER Suits Made to Order, on Trousers Made to Order, on Also patterns of PRIZES INGS for Winter Overcoats have no equal for wear at any teedall pure wool, fast colour, shrunken. A perfect fit guaranteed. Patterns, with directions for Self-Measurement, application, or if preferred, a fitting suit and forward send the largest amount of 11s. 6d. from the House of Ministers, Doctors, Gentlemen and all Classes of the Continent and in the Trade. All Communications to be sent to

DAVID TOWELL, Telegraph Chamber, ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST, AND LARNE, IRELAND.

BANKERS: The BELFAST BANKING CO., LARNE.

TO EARN In spare card terms of Pen & Ink. No risk. Write to REPLY Dept., City Rubber Stamp Co., 44, Snow Hill, LONDON. **MO EY**

£20 TORONTO MENTION 729 11-11-11 TORONTO CO. (K) 2-11-11 Rd. 1-11-11 all 11-11 Myers, I

PPS'S COCOA

COCOA

MENT IN A WEEK

Y spend your the Price of THE UNDERLYING VARIOUS BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

one Song free. ROAD. (P)

TOC The permanently lars and 2/6, 4. DR. C. Imperial Manalc

ECONO

Gratis and Post Free from Fredk. King &

DR. ROCK'S The most Effect Nothing ever sta tasteless, and Q THE MOST DEL 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d., and under cover, 1d. e direct from the U 19 & 21, QUEEN V.

MEN OUT Pimples, Blo Wounds, &c., arising of the Blood, or suff ness and Debility sh advice.—Messrs. W. Sheffield. Established the "Mirror," in env



THE "ACARIC" VENTILATED BRACE

Is unsurpassed for comfort and ease in wear, it sits so softly on the shoulder and is so elastic, that whilst giving to every possible strain, it is virtually imperceptible to the wearer. Special attention is called also to the little clip for supporting the drawers. The "ACARIC" is protected by patents and trade marks.

EVERY MAN should have one. NO WOMAN can give a Man a Better Present.

OF ALL HOSIERS EVERYWHERE.

WHOLESALE OF ANY OF THE LEADING HOSIERY HOUSES.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send postal order (3s.), to the Central Depot, 8, PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C., and a pair will be mailed free by return of post.

2,000 FUR-LINED GENTLEMEN'S COATS, £5 to

In Buying Fine Furs & Sealskin Jackets SAVE 50 PER CENT.

BY GOING TO

L. H. PHILLIPS

52 and 53, NEWGATE STREET.

£10,000 worth Sealskin Garments and Ladies' Furs at Half-price.

OTHER PEOPLE ARE TRADING UPON OUR NAME.

CAUTION.—This is. L. H. Phillips, opposite the General Post Office, and the only address—

L. H. PHILLIPS, 52 & 53, NEWGATE ST., LONDON.

Dining-room Skin Rugs Half-price.

500 Fur Carriage Rugs,

All communications with reference to Advertising should be sent to Advertisement Department, "Pearson's Weekly," Bell's, 167 & 168, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Publishing and Editorial Offices:—Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST.
TO ELEVATE; TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 16.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK BATES.

NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY.

He was about to say adieu,
Was thinking of some word to flatter,
When from his overcoat there flew
A button with a dismal clatter.
He blushed, but she, with woman's tact,
As if she saw a good joke in it,
Cried, laughingly, "There, now, I'll act
Your tailor's part for just a minute."
He doffed the coat, and watched her thread
The needle with her head low bending,
"Now, do you know," he softly said,
"I have an awful lot of mending?"
"My heart needs mending much, I fear;
Do you suppose that you could do it?"
"Well, I don't know," she mused; "but, dear,
I'll give my whole attention to it."

A VERY BRILLIANT BABY.

"Oh, George," cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door, "I've something to tell you."
"No?" said George. "What is it?"
"Why, what do you think? The baby can talk! Yes, actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come to the nursery and hear him."
George went in.
"Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk for papa. Say, 'How do you do, papa?'"
"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says the baby.
"Hear him?" shrieks mamma, ecstatically.
"Wasn't that just as plain as plain could be?"
George says it is, and tries to think it is, too.
"Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"
"Da, da, boo, bee, boo."
"Did you ever?" cries mamma. "He can say everything! Now, you precious little honey bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa?'"
"Boo, ba, goo, goo."
"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can say anything he wants to. Can't you, you dear little darling precious you?"
"Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo."
"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anyone could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally clever! These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

IS INTOXICATION CONTAGIOUS?

AN ex-military man who, when in the army, used to drink moderately, but who had been an abstainer for some years, while attending a dinner with his old comrades, where most of them got intoxicated, suddenly became hilarious, made a foolish speech, settled back in his chair in a drunken state, and was finally taken home quite stupid.
He had not drunk any spirits, only coffee and water, and yet he had all the symptoms of the others, only his was intoxication from contagion, the favouring soil had been prepared long ago in the army.
Another case was that of a man who had been an inebriate years ago, but had reformed. He recently gave a dinner to some friends. Among them was a physician who had been greatly interested in cases of the sort. He sent me a long report, the substance of which was this:—
On the occasion referred to many of the company became partially intoxicated, and the host, who drank nothing but water, became hilarious and finally stupid with them. He was put to bed with every sign of intoxication.
A third case occurred four years ago. A reformed man of twelve years' sobriety went on an excursion with some drinking men, and although he drank nothing but lemonade became quite as intoxicated as they did.
This event was the subject of much comment and loss to him, socially and otherwise, although he protested and others confirmed his statements that he did not take any spirits at the time.

A HUSBAND, A WIFE, AND £100 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

THE recent correspondence in the DAILY TELEGRAPH goes far to show that the much-abused matrimonial agencies really fill a want. There are, it seems, thousands of people of both sexes anxious to meet partners for life, but to whom opportunity denies the chance, and who must, therefore, avail themselves of some such medium.

With a view to giving this matter a practical test, we make the following unique and substantial offer to all readers of this paper who wish to marry:—

We will settle a dowry of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR, payable quarterly, upon a young lady selected from our readers in the following manner:

Any young lady between the ages of 18 and 30 who wishes to change her state, and cares for the opportunity of uniting herself to a gentleman whose character will bear the strictest investigation, with the certainty that she will be able to contribute £100 a year towards meeting their united expenses, must please communicate, by letter, with the Editor of this paper, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

A letter should state the age of the applicant, the circumstances and position of the family to which she belongs, and should, if possible, be accompanied by a photograph. It would be well if it were also witnessed by the signatures of four or five persons, to whom we may apply for references.

Young ladies who care to do so, may, in the first case, write under an assumed name, giving no address. If we consider such an application favourably, we shall, through our columns, invite further correspondence and references.

Parents, guardians, etc., may, if they choose, make an application on behalf of any young lady.

With the material thus placed at our disposal, we shall be able to select a partner of whom any man may be proud.

The young lady chosen will be invited to unite herself to a gentleman, the choice of whom will rest with herself.

We ask unmarried men between the ages of 21 and 40 to communicate with us, also enclosing photograph and autograph references, if possible; and, if they choose, concealing their identity under an assumed name in the first instance.

From among the applicants we shall select the ten gentlemen who, in our opinion, will make the best husbands.

Among these ten the lady will be invited to take her choice. In the extremely unlikely event of none of them suiting her fancy, she will be asked to resign her position in favour of the young lady whose claims for consideration come second.

When the prospective bride and bridegroom have been brought together in this way, the only thing remaining will be to name the day.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY will bear all expenses of trousseau, wedding, and honeymoon.

Applicants may be assured that the strictest secrecy will be observed. No names except those of the successful pair will ever go beyond our editorial staff.

In the event of our wishing for a personal interview with any applicant, we will pay all travelling expenses incurred.

Letters of application from ladies must be marked on the envelope "Lady," and those from gentlemen "Gentleman."

If this scheme is introduced to the notice of an applicant by a friend, a letter from that friend should reach us in the same envelope as the original application, for we will give FIFTY POUNDS each to the two people by whom this notice is introduced to the bride and bridegroom. Introducers must not be members of an applicant's family.

We shall be obliged if applicants will communicate with us as soon as possible, as we wish to close the lists in time to be able to announce result in the Christmas Number, and the work of selection will naturally be a somewhat lengthy one.

NOT WEARING APPAREL.

THE fire insurance agent, who goes about to verify people's losses by little conflagrations, hears some very queer stories.

One of them had a curious experience with a woman who submitted among her losses by fire,

"Wearing apparel—My husband's leg, three pounds." As soon as the agent reached this item he protested vigorously.

"Your husband was at the office this morning, and he seemed to be going about on two legs as usual."

"Oh, it was his spare leg that was burned."

"Have you the charred remains?" asked the agent.

"Certainly," replied the lady.

She produced from a cupboard shelf all that was left—a dingy, burned stump—of her husband's wooden leg.

The agent was compelled to admit that the wooden leg had been undoubtedly in the fire, but he questioned the right to include it among wearing apparel; and though the good lady protested vigorously, the loss was not allowed.

WEALTHY WOMEN.

THE following classified list of the most wealthy American women has just been published:—

Thirty-eight widows worth	£42,000,000
Fourteen spinsters	25,000,000
Ten married	7,500,000

£74,500,000

One of these—the compiler of the list—writes as follows:—"These might revolutionise the commerce of the United States by forming themselves into a gigantic company. I know many of them personally, and numbers would prefer to have their money actively employed." The proposal is then made that they should form a woman's trust, to buy up the oil region of Pennsylvania or the diamond fields of South Africa, the chairwoman being Miss H. Green, whose wealth amounts to £8,000,000, or Miss Mary Garrett with her £4,000,000. "If," said the lady in question, "we should go into Wall Street, or the Chicago wheat market, we could clear out the whole army of speculators."

THE WAY TO GET ON IN THE LAW.

A WELL-KNOWN barrister tells a good story about his first fee. Judge —, under whom he had read law told him not to be afraid to charge big fees for his services. "People don't respect a cheap lawyer," said the judge.

One day, soon after Mr. Barrister had been admitted to practice, he sat alone in his office, when a messenger brought a note from one of the wealthiest insurance companies, asking to have the title to a certain piece of property looked up. The young lawyer spent about half an hour looking into the title, and then sent his report to the insurance office.

Very soon the messenger came with another note. This one requested Mr. Barrister to send his account by the bearer. He concluded that, since he had worked only half an hour, two guineas would be a good stiff price. The words of Judge —, however, rang in his ears, and Mr. Barrister finally made out an account for three guineas. At that moment Judge — came in.

"You are just the man I want to see," said Mr. Barrister; and he told him of his dilemma.

Judge — took the account and tore it up.

"I knew it was outrageously high," said Mr. Barrister; "but you always told me to make big charges, and I did this more to please you than myself."

"Nonsense," said the Judge; "give me a pen."

He sat down, wrote another account, and gave it to the boy. In a few minutes the boy returned with the insurance director's cheque for fifteen guineas, and a little note to Mr. Barrister, thanking him for his promptness, and saying the company's other work of this character would be sent to him.

"Great Scott!" said the young lawyer to the old one, "did you make out an account for fifteen guineas?"

"Of course I did," answered the old judge. "You don't want to be an eleemosynary institution for insurance companies, do you?"

A PAUPER MILLIONAIRE.

In one of the great London drapery warehouses an old man, dressed in shabby clothes that were fashionable years ago, is wandering aimlessly about.

The warehouse is one of those vast establishments which are like small towns. It has thirty departments, and employs between 700 and 800 hands. Founded half a century ago by a young and energetic countryman, it has developed into one of those gigantic concerns whose transactions are world-wide.

The shabby old gentleman has a pencil behind his ear, and a small book in his hand, and, as he walks about, he moves his lips as if he were casting up a sum.

Every now and then he stoops to pick up a pin or a scrap of paper from the floor. The pin he sticks in his coat, and the paper he puts in his pocket.

The clerks and warehousemen who are rushing about take little notice of him, except when he gets in their way; then they respectfully stand still, and allow him to get out of it.

The customers who pour in at the main entrance and scatter themselves over the building glance at him with a look half of amusement and half of pity.

Few people know that this shabby and miserable old man is the founder of this mighty house; that he is a millionaire; that though long past work he comes down to the warehouse when it opens and stays until it closes; and that he performs the duties of door-keeper, and receives a salary of thirty shillings a week for the same, which he carefully hoards up.

This mighty merchant, this millionaire, is driven home at night to a mansion in Kensington, where every comfort wealth can buy surrounds him; but he does not understand that it is his. He is haunted day and night by the thought that he is a pauper, and that he will come to die in the workhouse.

To ease his mind his sons employ him and give him thirty shillings a week; and this, as I have said, he hoards up, that he may have enough to bury him decently.

He has toiled all his life to amass wealth, and in his old age, when he should enjoy it, his brain has turned. He is a millionaire, and he believes himself to be a pauper.

Fifty years ago the world lay before him. He was young, strong, and clear-headed, and he determined to make a fortune. He devoted himself to the task with the ardour of an enthusiast. He allowed himself no other object in life. He married, and children were born to him in the days before his great prosperity came. He was an affectionate husband and father, but he never permitted domestic bliss to step between him and his business.

He left his home, summer and winter, at half-past eight in the morning, and returned to it at half-past eight at night. No time was wasted in romping with the children or in idle gossip with the wife. No pleasant trips into the country were allowed to interfere with the daily business routine. Our hero would make a fortune. When it was made he would enjoy himself, but not before.

By the time he was a middle-aged man he had distanced most of his trade rivals, and the name of his firm was widely known as one of the most flourishing wholesale houses in the city of London.

His premises were increased, neighbouring warehouses were incorporated with his, and at last he found himself a City king with a black-coated army to do his bidding.

Even then the fierce race for wealth continued. His sons had grown up, and were partners in the firm, and he might well have retired to his country seat, and have enjoyed his remaining years of life.

But he was not satisfied. His establishment only filled half the side of the street, he wanted the other half. His turnover was four millions a year, why should it not be eight? His firm was ranked second in importance in the eyes of the trade—why should it not rank first?

He would devote another five years of his life to the task, and then he would retire. He had not only a splendid town residence and a country seat, but he had a magnificent estate in the North of England. The properties which he had purchased were all profitable concerns, and he was as successful in all speculations outside his business as in it.

His friends advised him to retire, and let his sons carry on the City concern. There were symptoms that his health was breaking. He laughed their advice and their fears to scorn. He would carry out his intentions, out the ground from under every rival, double his returns, lead the trade, and then he would think about resting from his labours and enjoying himself.

He carried out his scheme. Early and late he was at the warehouse scheming, suggesting, and controlling. Everything he touched turned to gold; every new branch that he opened prospered. The five years sped away, and at last he confessed himself satisfied, and began to talk of retiring. The sons, who had long been in partnership, were to have supreme control, and he would withdraw from all active interference. He confessed that he did not feel so strong as he used to do, and his brain did not seem so clear always. It took him longer to grasp an idea, and he grew impatient of details.

Yes, he would retire. The deeds should be prepared,

and in six months he would begin the rest which he had so thoroughly earned. He was a millionaire, and there was no reason why he should continue to work. The business would still yield him a vast revenue, though he was to give a larger share of the profits to the working partners.

When the month of the six had not yet run, he had a fit in the counting-house, and was carried home to his great mansion in the West-end. All that medical skill could do for the moribund prince was done, but he never came from his illness. He was a pauper in reality, but in imagination. His mind was gone, and he was possessed with an extraordinary mania. He imagined that he was ruined, that he had lost every penny he had in the world, and that he was compelled to work for his living.

As soon as he could move he wandered down to the warehouse, and solicited employment of his sons. With tears in his eyes he begged them to take him on as a porter, or a packer, or anything; he did not mind how menial it was. The sons, acting on the advice of the physicians, humoured his whim and officially appointed him to a post of general utility.

Nothing could induce him to remain at home. He would rise at seven in the morning, leave his grand home, and take the omnibus to the City. He would assist in taking down the shutters, and in the winter he would light the office fire. All the employees had strict orders to take no notice of "the governor." "The poor old governor" they called him; and many a lad fresh at the entering desk, with a few paltry shillings a week as salary, felt honest pity for the crazy millionaire, his master, whose old age was rendered miserable by the fear of starvation.

He actually believed that he would die in the workhouse, and impressed with this fear he refused to purchase food during the day out of his weekly allowance. His sons made him eat with them, and even then, unless they watched him, he would slip the meat into his handkerchief silently, and take it away and hide it as a dog hides a bone. He would put it away "against he was starving."

Thus it often came about that he felt the pangs of real hunger. At home they had the greatest trouble to induce him to take sustenance. He would not sit in the grand rooms, but slunk away and sat with his servants in the kitchen. He was poor, he said, and that was his place. His family, distressed beyond measure, tried by every means in their power to dispel the illusion.

Once they kept him at home and refused to allow him to go to the City. He tore his hair, and moaned that he should be discharged; that he should lose his weekly wage, and then he should have to go to the dreaded workhouse. The terror and anguish he endured was so real that they let him out. He made the best of his way to the counting-house, and with tears in his eyes besought his sons, "his good, kind masters," to have mercy on a poor old man, and to keep him on.

So in utter misery and wretchedness the mighty millionaire passes the latter years of his life. The wealth, to amass which he has sacrificed every pleasure, gives him no joy. It is as useless to him as though it had never been his. He has toiled and laboured all his life, only to be haunted in his old age by the grim spectre of want. The blind beggar who stood at the corner of the street, and went home contented with the price of a bed and a meal, is happier far than he.

This is no romance, this story of the London millionaire, who fears starvation and who is a porter in his own establishment. The great firm which his shrewdness and industry founded is a flourishing concern, and its fortunes are still associated with his name. His wretched end points eloquently to the folly of sacrificing everything that makes life worth living to the amassing of wealth.

A BEAUTIFUL woman, with artificially heightened colour, once said to General Shiel; "How is it that, having obtained so much glory, you still seek for more?"

"Ah, madam," he replied, with more force than politeness, "how is it that you, who have so much beauty, should still put on paint?"

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another, in a tramcar the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his joints with hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a woman, with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at a lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

A SUNDAY school superintendent essayed to treat the children to a blackboard exposition of the lesson. So, for a start, and in the way of graphically illuminating his remarks, he took a piece of chalk and sketched on the blackboard a representation of two hearts joined together.

"Now then," he said, turning to the school, "who will tell me what I have drawn?"

"I know," called a very little boy on the front seat. "Well," the superintendent said kindly, "what is it?" The little boy shrieked out, "A thermometer."

EXTRAORDINARY FACTS ABOUT FAMILIES.

Mr. George Fox, surgeon of the Whitworth Hospital, after examining the records of 100,000 cases at St. Thomas's, Guy's, and St. George's Hospitals, has been enabled to find an instance of four children at a birth. Since has been only one such case among the 228,000 cases at the Rotunda Hospital, in Dublin. This, however, only proves that the great majority of plural births are to the general practitioners.

In his pamphlet on the subject, Mr. Fox quotes quite an imposing array of cases in which four, or even five children have been born at once. Some extraordinary instances are recorded.

There was Wacillief, the Russian, who was presented to the Osarina, and who was alive in 1872. He had been married twice, and was the father of eighty-seven children. His first wife commenced with four, which she had four times in succession, then she had triplets seven times in succession, and she wound up with sixteen sets of twins. The second wife had six sets of twins and two sets of triplets.

In another case a shopkeeper's wife had triplets seven years in succession.

A case reported from Boston was that of a girl married at fourteen who in eighteen years had had twenty-one children, the last twelve being born in three and a half years, in five instalments. These are all modern and apparently well-authenticated cases.

As he gets back into history Mr. Fox is able to show us real marvels, of which we must believe as much as we please.

Thus we are carried from the case of Lady Dane, who in 1650 gave birth to eight children, down to the Countess Virboslava, who, in 1296, gave birth to thirty-five at once, and then to the Countess Margaret of Heneberg, who, on Good Friday in 1278, became the mother of 865 infants, half of whom were baptised by the name of John, and the other half Elizabeth, by the Suffragan Bishop of Treves. As this enormous quiverful was produced in fulfilment of a malediction, we need not trouble much about it.

But it appears that an American lady did present her husband with eight babies on August 21, 1872. Twins were hereditary in this family. A similar domestic invasion is recorded from the Gironde in 1880.

"Isn't Potter a believer in the faith cure?"

"He is."

"Is it true that he wouldn't have a doctor for his wife the other day when she was ill?"

"It is quite true."

"Why, I saw a doctor go into his house just now?"

"Oh, that's all right. He's ill now himself."

THE poet Longfellow—like, perhaps, every other man who is prominently before the public—was a good deal plagued by unsolicited correspondence.

"Why will people write so?" he asks on one occasion. "Strangers mostly, making strange requests? Here, now, is a letter which I shall not answer. The writer, entirely unknown, says: 'Now, I want you to write me a few lines for a young lady's album, to be written as an acrostic to read "My dearest one." If you will please imagine yourself a young man loving a beautiful young lady who has promised to be his wife, and then write as you would for yourself, you will much oblige one who has been an ardent admirer of your poems.' Then at the bottom of the page, 'Send bill,'"

He considered it a parental duty to see that his daughter kept only the very best marriageable company.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been going with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, pa, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice."

"Ah," and the fond father arched his eyebrows, "sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"

"Well, pa, not exactly," and the girl hung her head down, and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed, but then, last evening, when we were out walking, we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I am going to live in some day,' and I said 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me, and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the house, and—and I squeezed his hand, pa."

"Oh, ah, I see. Well, we'll try him another week or two."

NEW SLIDES FOR MAGIC LANTERNS.

We shall be happy to send gratis to any reader who possesses a magic lantern a couple of slides, one in imitation of a show card, the other a reproduction of a page of this paper. The former states that during the next interval a page of PARSON'S WEEKLY will be thrown upon a sheet, and the latter is this page. We believe that exhibitors will find their audiences appreciate highly the novelty of having some interesting and entertaining reading matter placed before them to occupy time which would otherwise be wasted.

A STEEPLEJACK SAYS

"I DARE SAY that I have been up two thousand steeples and chimneys in fourteen years, and a precious risky business it is. But, bless you, we never think of our necks. Why, if we did it would only make us unsteady."

"You see this grey patch in my head. That came from a little accident I had. I was aloft one day, when a stone gave way, and in a moment I was tumbling headlong through space, with the history of my life flashing through my mind as I kept on falling. It was not a disagreeable sensation, and I was perfectly conscious that death awaited me. But I caught against a roof, or I should have been smashed to pieces on the road, which ran scores of feet below."

"Have I ever been up in a storm? Yes; the lightning does you no hurt."

"Does a chimney or a spire really rock? I should say it does; as much as three feet sometimes. You try a steeple with ten bells crashing to and fro. I tell you, a man must have a good strong head to make a good steeplejack. If you're a bit nervous it doubles the danger."

"I know chaps that never go up unless they've had a few glasses; but Dutch courage is bad, for a man has got to be able to use both his hands when he gets up. I daresay you fancy a lot of us chaps are killed, but the proportion is not so great as you might think."

"There was a steeplejack at Hull, who was working on a steeple. When near the top, he was suddenly attacked with palpitation of the heart, and managed to secure himself with a hook in his belt. There he hung suspended, until some men below noticed his strange appearance, and rescued him at great risk from his perilous position. But it was only his body, poor chap. He was dead before they reached him."

THE WAY TO MAKE A SHIRT.

A STORY is told of a young woman who, on the day after her marriage, discovered that her beloved husband had only one shirt. Like a good wife, she resolved to make him a second, at least. She had never been taught shirt-making, but where there's a will there's a way.

So, addressing her one-shirted husband, she said:—"Now, Tom, thou mun lie down on the floor, and stretch out th' legs and th' arms, and I'll measure thee for a shirt."

He did so; and she with a piece of coal marked most exactly the dimensions of her lord and master on the floor.

In due time the garment was made, and held up to his admiring view as a token that he had not married a ninny.

He took it, and, the honeymoon being fresh, commenced praising his new shirt "above a bit." To think that he had got a wench that could make him a shirt—more than his mother ever did—was delightful. He would try it on then and there, over jacket and all; and, putting it over him as he would a monster extinguisher, he continued praising his Nancy for her cleverness, until he made a horrible discovery, and, letting his temper get the better of his love, he bawled out from under the shirt, "Ye loony, ye've na left a hole for my hed to get out at."

HOW GUN BARRELS ARE MADE.

THE beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of gun-barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals—iron and steel—are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of this welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one.

Flat bars or ribbons of steel and iron are alternately arranged together, and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long flat bar, which is spirally coiled round a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel, after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded.

The spiral coil is now put upon a welded mandrel, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun-barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing, operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size.

By all the twistings, weldings, and hammerings the metals are so blended that the mass has the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made can scarcely burst.

The finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke bore is one that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breech end. There are various ways of "choking" gun barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution, and with great force. There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gun-makers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Berend, and laminated steel.

WHAT A DONKEY CAN DO.

A SPANISH peasant had for many years carried milk into Madrid to supply a round of customers. Every morning he and his donkey loaded with panniers trudged slowly the well-known road. At last the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife asked him to send the animal alone, so sure was she of its wonderful intelligence.

The panniers were accordingly filled with tins of milk, an inscription written by the priest requested customers to measure their own milk, and send back the vessels, and then the donkey was sent off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with the empty tins; and this the clever animal continued to do for several days.

The house bells in Madrid are so constructed that you pull them downward to make them ring, and the peasant afterwards learned that his donkey had actually stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he thought a sufficient time, pulled the bell with his mouth. If loving treatment will thus change our stupid donkey what will it not do? The donkey, when ill-used, is obstinate and sulky, but treat him kindly and then notice the difference in him.

"FOR OUR BABY."

ONE of the most heroic acts performed during the American Revolution was that of a child in South Carolina. During the investment of Charleston, the country north of Cooper's River was ravaged by Colonel Tarleton.

Some of his men reached the plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes at night, and, after killing the cattle and shooting down the terrified negroes, proceeded to shell the house.

Mr. Gibbes was a helpless cripple, whose wife had recently died. His oldest daughter, Marian, a little girl of thirteen, with the help of one or two house servants, carried her father and younger sisters to a place of safety in the swamp. She then discovered that the baby, her cousin, a boy of two years old, had been left behind.

The house was in flames. The shells were falling thick upon it. The field between her and it was filled with drunken, riotous soldiery. But she did not hesitate. She kissed her father and, with a gulp of terror, darted towards the house. A soldier caught her.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"For our baby," breaking loose.

The men stopped firing. As she entered the house the walls began to crumble, and the flames shot high above the roof. But in a moment she reappeared with a white bundle in her arms.

Tradition says that Tarleton's men cheered her loudly as she ran back to the swamp. She was badly burned, but recovered, and lived to be one of the most patriotic of Carolinian women. The baby was afterwards the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick.

A PLEASANT PROFESSION.

ONE of the pleasantest trades going thirty years ago was that of a Queen's Messenger, and people who dealt in such things got as much as £7,000 for the appointment. The salary of the place was rather vague; but its emoluments were considerable, and the Messengers travelled over Europe in well-appointed carriages of their own.

Railways put a stop to this, and materially diminished not only the profits, but the personal consequence of the Queen's Messengers, who came henceforth to be confused with the ordinary crowd of first-class passengers by express trains. Then a more precise figure was made to represent their pay, and at last a reforming Secretary of State abolished their perquisites.

Now, Queen's Messengers are a humdrum company of orthodox persons. Some of the porters of the most distant embassies, however, could tell strange tales of their predecessors. One had such an exalted idea of his rank in life that when Lord Ponsonby's gatekeeper at Vienna came out at midnight in his night-gear to receive the Messenger's despatches, the Messenger chivvied him half-dressed down the street, for want of respect in not putting on his livery.

Another messenger, being stopped in Prussia for want of post-horses, rode forward upon a cow till he met a Prussian officer, whom he knocked off his charger, and took possession of it. He was forbidden ever again to put foot in the country, but was ultimately begged off punishment by diplomatic methods. All these honest gentlemen led exciting lives, full of adventure, and became general repositories of good stories and miscellaneous facts about all countries.

As Queen's Messengers are entitled to the promptest means of proceeding on their way, their baggage is exempt from search, and used in the good old times to be filled with international presents from great people. French bonnets, Brussels lace, and miscellaneous fashions choked their portmanteaus, carpet bags, and hat cases, till there was a Custom House riot about one of them, who brought over sixteen thousand pounds' worth of shawls from Turkey for commercial purposes.

"Yes," said the milliner, "the suicide of Mrs. Drestokil is a terrible affair. Why, she did it the very day I sent my bill in, and people will think the bill has something to do with it, and it will ruin me."

LADY: "I heard you had a fire here, and are selling goods at a bargain?"

GROCEER: "That's right, ma'am. Look at these fine hams for sevenpence a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke!"

IN a report of the London Mendicity Society, a conversation was given which was overheard between two of that class of begging women in the streets, got up to look as deplorable as possible, with a child in the lap.

"How much (rent) did you give for your baby?"

"A shilling."

"Then you've been done, or babies is riz; I only gives sixpence for mine, and they dress 'em, and Godfrey's cordials 'em, and all afore I goes out into the bargain."

A JURYMAN'S EXCUSE.—Some entertaining stories are told of the tricks by which men summoned to attend as common jurymen attempt to avoid the drity cast upon them. A court official says that one morning a little girl, whose eyes just appeared above the desk, timidly exclaimed, "Please, sir, father can't come; he can't put on his boots."

The official asked the nervous little creature what was the matter with her parent. She hesitated; evidently she had not been instructed further than the statement she had made, and looking straight into the official's twinkling eyes, she said, "Well, sir, father don't wear boots; he's got wooden legs. I wasn't told to say anything else, sir; that's all."

THERE is a well authenticated story of a governor at one of our penal settlements, who, having fixed the date when two of his convicts were to be hanged for stealing, remembered, a few days before the date for the execution, that he had an important social engagement for that same afternoon. He went to the men and explained to them his difficulty.

"It cannot matter much to you," said he, "whether you are hanged on Tuesday or Wednesday next. It is, however, a matter of some moment to me, and you would greatly oblige me if you consent to be hanged on Tuesday instead of Wednesday, as named in the Gazette."

The men were inclined to stand on their rights, so he told them to think over the matter. They came to him the next morning and agreed to his wish on certain terms, which he readily accepted. The conditions were so much rum and so much tobacco for each day previous to their execution. A few days thus rendered happy were better to them than one more day of dreary existence on prison fare.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN SPARE TIME.

It has been suggested that our request to readers that they recommend this paper to their friends would be more likely to bear fruit if we offered some encouragement to those who adopted it extensively. We are perfectly ready to admit that if people help us to make the paper known their efforts deserve recognition. Few persons care to work for nothing. We will therefore give every week, until further notice, four sums of £1; 10s.; 6s.; and 4s.; to the four persons from whom we receive the greatest number of these notices, with the form at foot duly filled, the name and address of sender occupying first three lines in each. Notices must reach us by first post every Wednesday at latest, and only those from the current issue will count. Write the word "Cuvass," followed by the number of notices enclosed, in the top left-hand corner of the envelope you send. Names and addresses may be written in pen or pencil. Each coupon in a batch must be filled by a different individual with a different address:—

On the recommendation of

M
of.....

I have purchased a copy of the current issue of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

(Signed)

Address

Nov. 8, 1890.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

120. What Sum of Money Reverts Annually to the Crown through Owners of Estates Dying Intestate Without Known Heirs?

A Return presented to Parliament in the last Session, on the subject of estates reverting to the Crown, contains a summary of the receipts and expenditure of the Treasury Solicitor during the year 1889 in the administration of these estates, by reason of their owners dying intestate without known heirs, illegitimate, or from lapsed legacies, etc. The total amount received during the year was no less than £98,759. The balances in hand at the commencement of the year were £313,551, and after various payments (including £150,000 handed over to the Exchequer on account of "Crown's share of estates," and £108,678 for grants out of estates to successful claimants) the balances in hand at the close of the year 1889 were £141,465.

121. What Acreage of Window Glass is there in this Country?

The number of houses in the United Kingdom in 1881 was estimated at 6,452,000, and to be increasing at the rate of 175,000 per annum. The number at present is about 8,025,000, and it is computed that each house has an average of nine windows, each window having fifteen square feet of glass. (This average in both instances is slightly higher for England, and lower for Ireland and Scotland.) Allowing a further quantity of about 3,200,000 square feet for buildings, as churches and offices, not enumerated as houses, the total area of window glass in permanent buildings only would reach rather more than 25,000 acres.

122. Do Married or Single Men Succeed Best in the World?

Bacon says that "Certainly the best works, and those of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from unmarried or childless men." Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, is of the same opinion:—"For men of higher intellectual avocation, for poets, philosophers, for all those in general who devote themselves to science and art, celibacy is preferable to married life, because the conjugal yoke prevents them from creating great works." Moore expressed the same belief, asserting that in looking back through the lives of the most illustrious poets, it is evident that with scarcely any exception they were "restless and solitary spirits, wrapped up like silkworms in their own tasks, either strangers or rebels to the domestic tie." But, putting aside geniuses, married men undoubtedly succeed best in the ordinary walks of life. To begin with, the married state is more conducive both to health and longevity than the single, and married men have, therefore, a better chance of success. The number of married men at the top of the tree in nearly all professions is disproportionately large as compared with the bachelors. We must take into consideration, of course, the fact that many men only marry when they have some certainty of a livelihood. But, nevertheless, there are many causes operating to bring about the result. The married man has given "hostages to fortune"; he has every inducement to work steadily at his employment; he pays more attention to the accumulation of a competency for the sake of his family; he has fewer temptations to unsteadiness, and his expenses are not greatly larger, all things considered. Married men live longer than bachelors, and enjoy better health. The wife takes upon her shoulders a considerable proportion of the minor troubles and worries of existence, and leaves her husband free to devote a full and complete attention to his work; and the assistance and encouragement of a good woman are the best aids a man can have to success in life.

123. Do any Animals Live without Drinking?

The number of animals which live without drinking, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is very large, though there are, of course, none which exist without absorbing moisture into their frame by other means. Fish and marine crustaceans necessarily take a certain amount of water into the digestive canal with their food; but irrespective of this they cannot be said to drink, unless the term be applied to fluid or semi-fluid food other than water. Several species of reptilia—serpents and lizards and certain batrachians—exist in regions remote from water, and derive their necessary

moisture from absorption and inspiration, taking no perceptible quantity through the mouth. The wild Llamas of Patagonia are said not to drink because in the locality they inhabit there is nothing but salt water to be found. Sloths are also said to live without drinking, but in the case of these animals, and also of the Gazelle of Abyssinia, which has been described by Mr. Blanford in his book on that country, as never drinking, naturalists who have observed their habits mention circumstances which throw great doubt upon the point as to whether they can be said to live absolutely without drinking. Rabbits have also been credited with this power, but the Rev. J. G. Wood recorded the fact that they feed on the herbage when laden with dew, and in this way do their eating and drinking at one time. In the same way Sheep at certain seasons, especially when feeding on turnips, which contain a large amount of water, require little or nothing to drink. Some birds never drink, as they obtain enough moisture from the fruits on which they subsist.

124. In which Battle were the Greatest Number of Combatants Engaged?

Without doubt, of all the battles recorded in modern history, the longest and sternest, as well as the one in which most men were engaged, was the memorable Battle of Leipzig, October 16th, 18th, and 19th, 1813, called by the Germans the "Battle of the Nations." The number of troops engaged is variously stated by different writers at from 186,000 to 190,000 on the side of Napoleon I., and from 280,000 to 290,000 on that of the Allies under Prince Schwartzberg, Blücher, and Bernadotte. In this awful battle the slain on both sides amounted to 80,000, and thousands of the wounded lay for days around the city. In the Battle of Königgrätz, or Sadowa, July 3, 1866, fought during the "Seven Weeks' War," the Allied Austrian and Saxon troops engaged amounted to about 200,000 men, while the Prussians, under their king, mustered in round numbers 260,000 combatants. The total loss of the Austrians, etc., amounted to about 40,000 men, while that of the Prussians was about 10,000. If we go back to the *milles* of ancient days, we find it stated that at the one fought at Tours in 732 between the Franks and the Saracens from 850,000 to 375,000 men were killed on the field. This would, of course, mean that many more men were engaged than at Leipzig. In a battle mentioned in the Second Book of Chronicles, between Asa, King of Judah, and Zerah, King of Ethiopia, we are told that the former had an army of "a thousand thousand," or a million. Canon Rawlinson observes that this statement does not exceed the numbers of other Oriental armies. Darius Codomannus brought into the field a force of one million and forty thousand men near Arbela, where he was finally defeated by Alexander the Great, B.C. 331. Xerxes, too, as Professor Rawlinson says, crossed into Greece with certainly above a million combatants, and Artaxerxes Mueon collected 1,260,000 men to meet the attack of the younger Cyrus.

125. Does the Size of the Nose Affect the Keenness of the Sense of Smell?

The size of the nose gives no more indication of keen smell than do large eyes of good sight, or large ears of acute hearing. Such an association of sense and size can only be supposed to exist in so far as keenness of smell may depend upon the extent of the sensitive mucous surfaces upon which the olfactory nerves are distributed. That prominent feature of the face, commonly called the nose, is really only the entrance to two cavities in the skull. The upper portion (olfactory region) only of each of these cavities is concerned in smelling, as it alone is supplied with branches of the olfactory nerve. What, therefore, is popularly termed a large nose is merely a large antechamber to the smelling portion of the nasal organ. The highest part of the nasal cavities is that in which there is the most acute sensibility to odours, and hence it is that when we sniff the air so as to direct it into that portion of the nose, we perceive delicate odours which would otherwise have escaped us. The size, therefore, of these internal portions of the cavities of the nose does affect the keenness of the sense of smell.

126. Which European Nation has the Largest Army in Proportion to Population?

Calculated either on its war or peace footing the army of Switzerland is larger in proportion to its population than that of any other European nation. If to the Swiss regular army is added the number of men

in the militia or landwehr and in the final reserve or *Landsturm*, one in every six of the population would be engaged in time of war. On the other hand, the regular forces show a proportion in time of peace of one in every twenty-one of the population. The following table carefully calculated from the latest statistics obtainable, gives the number of men which in times of war and peace respectively have to be drawn from every thousand of the population.

Country.	War footing.	Peace footing.	Country.	War footing.	Peace footing.
Switzerland..	166	48	Belgium	30	10
Italy	91	9	Spain	26	6
German Empire	67	11	Austria	25	7
Turkey	50	20	Denmark	24	9
Holland	42	14	Russia	23	9
Greece	42	13	Sweden and Norway....	22	8
France	37	13	Great Britain	13	5

Imagine for one moment the loss to the business life of the country and the enormous cost if the whole of our militia, reserves, and volunteers were a part of the permanent standing army with, of course, other reserves to take their place, and it is then possible for us to realise the enormous burden of the Continental armaments.

127. Which is the Greatest Natural Wonder of the World?

It is probable that nine people out of ten would put Niagara at the head of the natural wonders of the world, and though there may be higher waterfalls, and some with more picturesque surroundings, certainly for stupendous grandeur, the palm must remain with Niagara. There are, however, other natural phenomena not less worthy of a high place, and indeed an arrangement of natural wonders in any supposed scale of comparative grandeur is simply a matter of individual preference. The crater of Kilæua, on Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands, with its lake of molten fire, is a spectacle of awe-inspiring magnificence, unequalled even in its comparatively quiescent seasons except by some rare outbreak of Etna or Vesuvius. The great Yellowstone Park of Colorado contains within its bounds a collection of natural marvels unequalled for extent and variety. Here it is said there are no fewer than 10,000 boiling springs, geysers, and hot lakes. In Colorado also are found the marvellous cañons—profound chasms sometimes a mile in depth. Other great natural wonders which may be mentioned are the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the main passage of which is ten miles long; the lateral passages extending to some 240 miles; the extraordinary stalactite caverns of Carlsbad with their underground rivers; the natural aqueduct by which a river near Demnat, in Morocco, is carried across a wide and deep gorge; the natural bridges in various parts of the world, of which the most famous is that at Rock-bridge, Virginia, U.S.A.; and the great Pitch Lake of Trinidad.

128. Does the Human Hair Cease to Grow During Life?

Taken as a whole, the hair continues to grow, at varying rates during life. But each individual hair attains only a definite length, which depends upon the amount of nutrition to be drawn from the tiny blood-vessels of the papilla upon which the hair bulb rests. After having reached its full size—which in the case of hair of the head it does in from two to four years—it dies and falls out; but if cut shorter it will resume growth. Through the constant renewal the change is not perceptible except when the power of producing new hairs degenerates from some cause, when baldness ensues. Observers differ as to the rate of growth, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches, whilst that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches. But to whatever length each individual head of hair may attain, when it arrives at its natural length it ceases to grow, unless cut, when it will grow to the extent cut off—an argument in favour of cutting hair to preserve it. The eye-brows only grow to a certain length, differing in the individual, and at that length they cease to grow for years. At an advanced period of life they will increase to nearly twice their normal length. If not cut they cease to grow, but do not fall off. The life of an eye-lash hair is much shorter than that of a head-hair, extending only to about 110 days. The hair of an infant is completely shed during the first year of its life.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all printed at the rate of two guineas a column, or about fivepence a line. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Wednesday following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half a crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

151. Which is the most splendid residence in the world?
152. Is the perfume of any flower deadly?
153. Which is the most healthy attitude to assume while sleeping?
154. Do girls or boys learn to talk sooner?
155. What is the weight and value of the iron used in keeping the horses of the United Kingdom shod for a year?

156. When our coal-fields are exhausted, what is likely to take the place of coal?
157. Which iron, stone, and brick bridges have the largest span in Great Britain?
158. Which animal is capable of biting the hardest?
159. How many stars can we see without the aid of a telescope?
160. In which country is the average age of all living highest?

LOSING A REGIMENT.

In 1760, a regiment of the line, quartered at Nismes, was one Sunday being led to church by the adjutant, M. de Saverne, a gallant young nobleman, who, as he marched along, saluted right and left with a flourish of his sword the ladies sitting at their windows along the line of march.

One of his comrades, M. de la Martinière, proposed to the Colonel, who was marching at the side, along with the other officers, that they should quietly walk off the regiment. He gave his consent. Then M. de la M. stepped up to the first grenadier, and, taking him by the arm, made the first platoon turn down a street which also led to the church, but by a longer route. All the other platoons followed, the band alone following the adjutant. The noise they made prevented M. de Saverne from noticing that he was not followed by the troops.

At the church door he stopped to allow the regiment to pass, and found that there was not a single soldier left. While he was looking about him, almost persuaded he was dreaming, the Colonel came up to him and said in a serious tone:

"Well, sir, what have you done with my regiment?"

"Really, I don't know, Colonel."

"What, you don't know? Here you have charge of a regiment, with orders to lead it to church, and you allow it to be filched from you like a pocket handkerchief in a crowd. I don't know what the King will say to this; but I wouldn't like to stand in your shoes."

M. de Saverne, thoroughly nonplussed, stammered out:

"This beats my conception."

At last, after a few moments of bitter anxiety, the regiment appeared at the opening of another street. The gallant officer resolved for the future to pay less attention to the ladies when on duty.

PEOPLE WITH DOUBLES.

NATURE is a plagiarist; her originality is limited; she continually copies from herself. You think, good easy man, that you are an individual entity; and lo! some fine day you discover that you are merely a replica, a copy; that somewhere there exists, or has existed, another of you—a twin self, who looks like you, talks like you, mayhap thinks and feels like you.

Have you never, in passing through some old gallery, in some unexpected nook or corner of an old painting, come across your own face? Yes, your own face, alike not merely in feature and in contour, but alike also in expression, looking out at you from the past with the same life history in the tell-tale eyes? You shiver a little, perhaps, and then you laugh, and call yourself superstitious.

But you are recalled to that condition which is known as commonsense when you find out that now, to-day, you have a double who walks abroad, and is mistaken for you, and vice versa. You find this out by accident; somebody accosts you as So-and-So, and you have some difficulty in persuading him that you are yourself. If your double had not been a neighbour, you might never have learned of his existence. How many doubles have you scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land? How many in Europe, in Asia, in America, and in Africa? Until you get to be a famous man, or a murderer, so that your portrait appears in the illustrated papers, and invades the sanctity of other homes, you are not at all likely to hear of them.

The peace of families has often been wrecked by an accidental resemblance. If you are a woman it is all the worse, as poor Marie Antoinette discovered in the affair of the diamond necklace. She was not the only distinguished sufferer. Madame Molière, though possibly no saint, endured more than her deserved share of obloquy through the misdeeds of a double named La Tourelle. The latter wickedly added to the natural resemblance which existed between them, by copying the more famous woman's tricks of manner and of speech, even to the little cough, which she in her turn had borrowed from her husband.

Love may be blind in some things, it rarely mistakes the object of its affection. Yet a lawyer from Grenoble, who had seen Madame Molière upon the stage, and fallen desperately in love with her, was deceived by La Tourelle. The illusion lasted until one day he attempted to speak to Madame Molière. There was a scene. Madame vowed she had never met the gentleman, both became highly incensed, and the lawyer spent the night in a police-cell.

Many famous men have doubles. An American paper lately remarked that President Harrison is reflected in the person of a messenger in the Washington Treasury Building. Bismarck looks like a more forceful Caprivi, or Caprivi like a ladylike Bismarck. The side face of an actor, Mr. F. F. Henley, is a remarkable reproduction of the side face of John Ruskin, as the latter appeared some years ago. The portraits of Joel Benton and of Alfred Tennyson have often been mistaken for each other. The late W. H. Vanderbilt might have been the twin brother of Jules Ferry.

The artists Du Maurier and Alma Tadema are strikingly alike. But some people are too clever to be

taken in by the resemblance. Such a person was the young lady who one day sat next to Mr. Du Maurier at a dinner party. "I cannot understand," she said, "how anyone can mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight."

A little later she added:—

"Oh, I bought your photograph the other day; would you—er—mind putting your autograph to it?"

"Not at all," was the courteous response. After dinner the photograph was produced. Mr. Du Maurier looked at it, sighed, and then laid it very gently on the table.

"That is Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait," was all he said.

The late Count Andrassy, the statesman, had a very notable double in the person of Dr. Joshua J. Roth, who may be seen any day in New York. The resemblance was a frequent subject of newspaper comment in Austria, for Dr. Roth, by a curious coincidence, was at one time the secretary of the Count's brother in Vienna.

Napoleon had a face which was strongly individual. Even the clumsiest artist cannot fail to seize some of its characteristic outlines. Yet it was not absolutely a unique one. Several men, famous or otherwise, have borne a certain likeness to him. Very close was that of his contemporary, Boucher, the violinist. Shortly after the second restoration Boucher was in St. Petersburg, playing, at the royal summons, before Czar Alexander. When the concert was ended, the Czar, who had been following the musician's every movement with scrutinising gaze, asked him to pay him a visit next day at the Winter Palace.

Punctually at the appointed hour Boucher presented himself, and was ushered into a small audience chamber. On a divan lay a military hat, a sword, an officer's cross of the Legion of Honour, and the uniform of a colonel of the French Guards. A moment later Alexander entered.

"These things," said the Czar, "belonged to Napoleon, and were left by him at Moscow. I have often heard of your resemblance to the great Corsican, and when I saw you last night I was convinced that report for once had not exaggerated. My mother has always regretted that she never saw Napoleon. If you will be good enough to don these garments, I will take you to her and show her what our great enemy looked like."

Boucher at once did as he was requested, and was led to the Czarina's room, an almost perfect counterpart of Buonaparte in his regimentals.

The likeness between the late Robert Browning and the publisher, J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, was often remarked in the lifetime of both. It extended beyond the mere facial resemblance, to the figure, the general bearing, and even to little tricks of manner and of speech.

"Now then, John," said the restaurant keeper to his boy, "bring out those sandwiches we made last summer. Here's a big order come in to supply the Sunday school in-door treat."

PAT: "This is a great scheme, Biddy."

BRIDGET: "P'what is?"

PAT: "Why, I see that a man can get a twenty-shilling post-office order for just three ha'pence. Of're a shilling left, and O'll spend the whole av it on thim orders this very mornin', be jabers."

A COACHMAN, while suffering from a very severe cold, made his appearance one morning with his hair cut close to his head.

"Why, Dennis," said his mistress, in shocked accents, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you were suffering from a cold?"

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be taking notice this long time, that whenever I have me hair cut I take a bad cold, so I thought to myself that now, while I had the old cold on me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair-cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cold."

He was only a little boy, and this was his first diary. It had been given him as a birthday present, and was bound in a red cover with a highly-coloured picture adorning the front. Strict injunctions were issued as to how he should use it, and where he should write. Then he was left to himself. He meant to begin well and early, so he very carefully wrote, "Got up at seven." Then, according to instructions, he took it to his governess for approval. The way her eyes dilated and her mouth opened made him feel rather uncomfortable, and he wondered whether anyone had been tampering with his literary production.

"Got up!" she screamed; "got up! You naughty boy! Does the sun get up? No! it rises."

Very neatly she scratched out the barbarous words and made him write, "Rose at seven." This settled Master Tom; no more mistakes of the kind for him again! He spent the remainder of the day in semimiserly thinking over his disgrace and longing for the time to wipe it out by careful obedience to his governess's instructions. So on retiring for the night he wrote, with the air of a man who knew his business well, "Set at eight."

RESULT OF THE SECOND HELPING HAND COMPETITION.

WHEN we announced the result of the first "Helping Hand Competition," we expressed our disappointment at the small extent to which the scheme had been taken up, and stated that the number of coupons received for the following month would determine whether it was to be continued or no.

The result now lies before us. It is certainly far better than that of the first competition; but still very inadequate considering the considerable sum of money to which it relates.

As, however, the scheme was announced last week we shall continue it during the month of November. After that its place will be taken by something appealing more generally to the interests of our readers. It is evident that though such a scheme as this is welcomed by some, there are comparatively few who will trouble themselves to take it up thoroughly.

The following are the five persons on whose behalf we have received most coupons from issues published during October:—

MR. H. HANCOCK,
113, HAWKSTONE ROAD,
ROTHERHITHE (383 coupons).

MR. ARTHUR CAWDRON,
10, KIRKLEY CLIFF,
LOWESTOFT (351 coupons).

MR. WILLIAM HALL,
2, EAST TERRACE,
QUEEN'S ROAD,
BATTERSEA (320 coupons).

MRS. LESTER,
35, CAMVAR STREET,
BROMLEY-BY-BOW (229 coupons).

MRS. CLAYDON,
5, PARK PLACE,
THE MARKET,
CHELMSFORD (215 coupons).

To each of these a Postal Order for £1 was forwarded on Friday, October 31, and the same sum will be sent to them on November 7, November 14, and November 21.

A HELPING HAND TO THOSE OUT OF WORK.

The most deserving of men and women at times find themselves in straits, owing to circumstances over which they have no control. Bad times and slackness of trade often compel employers to discharge those whom they would be glad to keep in their service if they could. Illness may necessitate resignation. A thousand things may happen to stop for a time the earning powers of conscientious and capable bread-winners, be they clerks, warehousemen, mechanics, labourers, or other workers.

At such times a little assistance, sufficient to aid those who are so unfortunate as to find themselves out of employment, is of the utmost value, and we propose to set aside

FIVE POUNDS A WEEK

towards granting it to deserving cases.

In each number of the paper, till the end of November, a Coupon, similar to the one at the foot of this notice, will appear. On or before the last Monday in November, we are prepared to receive coupons.

To the five persons on whose behalf the most Coupons reach us, One Pound a Week will be granted for the following four weeks.

Any number of Coupons from the same issue may be filled in by the same person.

If senders please they may forward Coupons at any time during the month, though, of course, the more the better chance of success if they wait until its close. All Coupons, on behalf of one individual must be sent in one envelope or package.

With each batch of Coupons there must be a letter from a clergyman or minister, or the last employer of the applicant, stating that the case is a genuine one.

A postal order for twenty shillings will be forwarded to each successful applicant on the Friday after the last Monday in November, and on the three succeeding Fridays.

No grant will be made to a person whose income has been more than three pounds a week. We consider that in such cases money should have been put aside for a rainy day.

Envelopes or packages containing Coupons must be addressed to the Editor "Pearson's Weekly," Temple Chambers, London, E.C. In the left-hand top corner of each envelope or package the number of coupons that it contains must be stated.

HELPING HAND COUPON.

November 8, 1890.

I.....
of.....
.....
herely declare that I should like a pound a week
to be granted to.....
of.....
.....

Unutilized Coupons only will count.

OUR READERS' LETTER-BOX.

ARE LADY CLERKS WORTH HAVING?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—I am sure that your sense of justice, and the fact that you number so many ladies amongst your regular readers, will allow of some reply being made to the extremely ungracious, and shall I say, ill-natured, remarks of your correspondent, "T. L. D."

How singularly unfortunate he seems to have been. "He has not tried one lady clerk, but dozens." However, one story is good till another is told. "T. L. D.," who is so sweeping in his displeasure with us, might at least have accompanied his letter with some testimonial as to his own commercial character. Then we could have seen what manner of man he is.

But does it not seem very clear that if he has tried dozens (I wonder if that was a figure of speech—it seems a large order) it speaks very poorly for his powers of discrimination. Nothing is more easy than to discover if a girl can really do what she professes. Five minutes of note-taking and ten of transcription should decide her fate. Then she is either worth having or not.

Granted, for the sake of argument, that she is, I think it will be found that there are few girls who will not strive to retain the place they have gained. Much depends upon the master. If he is a man of tact and business he will find that a girl is far more amenable to discipline and more easily taught her duties than a man.

Her ambition is not marriage, as "T. L. D." would have us believe. A girl who bravely faces the struggle of life in, as your correspondent says, "the preserves of men," has not done so to find pocket-money. In most cases she has done it out of sheer necessity.

Would that I could describe to you the terrible feelings I experienced the first week or two I went to business. It is so hard for a young girl to be herself and do her duty conscientiously to her employer when she is the only lady in the place, when she knows she is the talk of the counting-house, and that the other clerks resent her intrusion.

Many and many a time have I cried bitterly over my breakfast, and dreaded the struggles of the day before me. Experience teaches. I have got used to all that now. I have been in my present situation three years. I earn my three pounds a week. I think I make myself useful. I know I am ambitious to please, for I am not working for pocket-money, but for existence.—I am, sir, yours truly,
Manchester.

A LADY CLERK.

NORTH v. SOUTH.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—The above title does not apply to a football fixture, but to the comparative clear-headedness and business energy of men in the south and north of Great Britain.

I am a Londoner, but I spend a great deal of my time in the large towns of Scotland and the north of England, and my business brings me into contact with Northerners and Southerners in pretty equal proportions.

Now, I find among our friends up North a very decided opinion, often openly expressed, sometimes only covertly hinted at, that they are, so far as Great Britain is concerned, "the salt of the earth." The men of Aberdeen, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, to mention the towns to which my business takes me most frequently, seem, so far as my judgment goes, to consider themselves altogether superior, from a business standpoint, to the inhabitants of London, Bristol, Plymouth, or any other town down South.

Now, I hold views that are exactly opposite to these. There is undoubtedly more "bounce" among Northerners, but for brightness of intellect and sheer ability, give me a Londoner born and bred. How is it that London has attained its position as the largest, the wealthiest, and the most important aggregation of human beings that the world has ever seen, if its natives are not on the whole men of striking ability?

If Northerners are so superior to Southerners, as they seem to think, how is it that London is not situated upon the banks of the Tweed, the Mersey, or the Clyde, instead of upon those of the Thames?

Speaking from a broader standpoint than that which includes only this island, Northerners are, I will grant, more forceful men than Southerners. Anyone who has been in the United States, for example, will, I am sure, agree with me in the impression which I gathered during a visit there some years ago, that the men of the Northern States, so far as business ability and push are concerned, are incomparably superior to those of the Southern, and we are brought to the same conclusion if we regard Europe.

The German or the Spaniard is superior in business to the Italian as the native of man who lives in Georgia; but in none is produced by climatic insulating atmosphere of Southern European portion of the United States to energetic push.

In our small island, however, no such difference of

climate exists. Bristol is certainly a good deal warmer than Aberdeen, but the difference between the climates of the two places is not so marked as to produce an entirely different race, as it does in the other cases I have mentioned. No; from the climatic standpoint it is quite fair to argue that all Britons are equal, and this being so, I repeat my assertion that the pre-eminent position of London is proof positive of the superiority of its business men over those of any other part of the British Isles.

I am afraid that the considerable number of the population of Ireland who read your paper (I suppose, Mr. Editor, it is fair to assume that the number is a very considerable one) will feel that they are rather left out in the cold in this letter. My excuse to them must be that, never having been in Ireland, I am not in a position to speak authoritatively regarding the business capacity of its inhabitants, though certainly I must say that some of the keenest business men I know are natives of Erin.—Yours faithfully,
Wood Green.

SOUTHERNER.

"THE FASTEST RUNNERS ON EARTH."

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to your remarks on this subject last week, it may interest your readers if I place before them a corroboration of what you stated, and a fact that came under my own personal observation. The incident has not hitherto appeared in print, nor am I permitted to mention any names.

During the visit of Buffalo Bill to London two years ago, a friend of mine, in conversation with him, doubted the statements he made with reference to the extraordinary swiftness of foot of one of the Sioux Indians in his company.

The result was a bet. Buffalo Bill matched his man against any greyhound that could be found. The following week a little company gathered at D—, a hare was started, and the Sioux Indian and greyhound went off together.

The course was a fine tract of open country. The dog led. But only for a short time. Then the Indian, lightly clad, and with only a pair of sandals on his feet, drew ahead. Within six minutes from the time the hare was let loose, the Indian had swooped down upon it. Not that alone, but he tucked pussy under his arm and raced the dog back to the starting point, getting in first.—Faithfully yours,
Cromer.

F. L. DE S.

[We insert our correspondent's letter, but must admit that he tells a somewhat stiff story.—Ed.]

A PLAN TO LIVEN US UP.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—An incidental remark which appeared last week in the course of your interesting article on "London Fogs," has suggested an idea to me that I may, without vanity, call "brilliant." You spoke about the unattractiveness and the sombreness of London shops and houses.

Well, why not remedy all this? Why not give our shops and houses a touch of colour? For my part, I am of opinion that if tradesmen had a few pots of paint laid over the outsides of their establishments they would find it greatly to their advantage.

Suppose Smith and Company, of Regent Street, painted their shop deep blue, can anyone deny that it would be a splendid advertisement for them? It would be unnecessary to look for their name, or the number of the shop, as one walked along to find their place. The big patch of blue would be quite enough. It should be done with a certain amount of intelligence, of course. Let the work be made pleasing to the eye, so that it should not have a common or cheap look, or be the means of frightening respectable people away.

Then, again, if such a practice should become the common custom, consider what effect it would have upon the spirits of the public. Nothing is more calculated to make a man morose and gloomy than a sombre environment. Once let our streets be gay with colours, and I am convinced that it will do more to rouse the spirits of the average Briton, and make him generally a more cheerful being than tradition stamps him, than any scheme than can be devised.—Yours truly,
Croydon.

G. R.

THE FOOD THAT IS WASTED.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—The winter is upon us again with its accompaniment of men out of work and consequent hardship to themselves and their families. During the next few months thousands of people will be earning insufficient wages to even provide those dependent upon them with a sufficiency of warming and nourishing food, for unfortunately the time of year when work is slack is that at which plenty of food is most important. Soup kitchens and various other charitable organisations do a splendid work in providing good meals at low prices, but very many of the deserving poor are too proud to avail themselves of assistance offered in this way.

Why should not tradesmen of the humbler sort set up a business in the flesh of those animals which, though perfectly wholesome and nourishing, are for some reason or other despised as food? I allude more particularly to cats, dogs, and rats.

Many of your readers, who would be horrified at the idea of eating a cat, have, I venture to say, done so often enough, under the impression that they were eating rabbit pie.

I, myself, have often eaten cats. For years my family would not listen to my suggestion that cat-meat should figure on the table, but one day, with the connivance of the cook, I managed to introduce a six months' old tabby into a "rabbit pie" that my wife had ordered. The whole family partook of it with the greatest enjoyment, and quite refused to believe that they had been eating cat until the indisputable testimony of pussy's skin was laid before them. Since then, cat has figured on our table every week.

If we come to dog-flesh, nothing is more tender and juicy than a puppy. In my younger days, business took me to the East, and in China I ate roast puppy often enough to give me quite a taste for this dish. In common with cat, it appears on my table frequently. Curiously enough I did not have much difficulty in persuading my family to adopt it.

Years ago I read that the late Frank Buckland was very fond of rats. I did not try them for some time, for I thought that an animal like the rat, which is not a very clean feeder, might be objectionable, but I finally overcame these scruples, and can now say from personal experience that rat pie is as delicious a dish as anyone need want.

Now, cats and dogs are a drug in the market. Thousands of dogs are poisoned in the London Dog's Home every year, thousands more are shot or drowned in other parts of the country, while anyone could obtain cats and rats by the score at a very trifling expense.

Probably if any tradesman set up a shop in which he offered the flesh of these animals for sale, he would meet with a good deal of opposition at first, but I am quite sure that in the end his customers would buy them readily enough, and it cannot be denied that it would be far better for a family to dine off a well-grown cat than not to dine at all.—Yours sincerely,
Greenock.

WASTE NOT.

THE CRUSH AT THE PIT DOOR.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—Now that the theatrical season has come round again, I really think it is time that some decisive measures were taken with a view to putting a stop to the disgraceful hustling which takes place night after night at the pit doors of some of the most prominent theatres in London.

In a few isolated cases, as, for example, the Shaftesbury and the Savoy, pit-goers are compelled to "line up," two by two, and take their places in a decent and orderly fashion, but at the majority of the theatres, in place of this desirable custom, we have a scramble and fight for front position, which can hardly be compared to anything, unless it is a scrimmage in the football field.

I have had my shins and ankles kicked black and blue in the endeavour to hold my own among the struggling mass of humanity at the pit door of one of our leading theatres, and have known cases where ladies have been seriously injured by the hustling that is of nightly occurrence.

When people simply assemble in a mass in front of a narrow entrance, and know that the chance they will have of seeing the play well depends entirely upon the rapidity with which they can get through the entrance in question, it is too much for human nature to expect anything but a crush. Everyone naturally presses forward, and soon someone who gets his toes trodden on tries to force others back, with the result that there is a general *mille*.

If managers are so supine that they will not take any measures to remedy this state of affairs, why should not theatre-goers take the remedy into their own hands? If only the early arrivals at the pit entrance would request those coming later to "line up" behind them, the reform would be effected in no time, for very few people can be senseless enough to object to a course which will ensure them a comfortable entrance.—Yours truly,
Charlton.

E. R. L.

A KINDLY old lady was cross-examining a class of Sunday scholars in one of our villages a little while ago. She thought to impress upon her youthful audience the importance of maintaining through life a good name, and reminded them that Solomon had declared a good name better than riches.

"Now, boys, tell me what you would rather have when you grow up to be men. And please think before you answer."

Up came several hands, but the first one called stopped any further inquiry.

"Please, ma'am," shouted the little urchin, "I'd rather have whiskers."

For all letters published we shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column or about 5d. a line. Senders of letters should, therefore, enclose name and address. It must please be understood that we do not identify ourselves with opinions advanced on this page. They are those of the writers of the letters; we merely exercise supervision over the general nature of the correspondence.

WHAT IT COSTS.—NO. II.

TO RUN A THEATRE.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE MOST RISKY OF BUSINESSES.

A THEATRICAL speculation is even a more risky venture than starting a newspaper to fill a "long felt want;" with this difference, however, that if a theatre is well managed, and the lessee enjoys a fair share of luck, it pays far better in proportion to the amount of personal labour involved.

A peculiar thing about theatres is that only one or two out of the scores in London are actually owned by the men who run them. The owner of the freehold may know absolutely nothing about the business. He is the one man who is certain to make money no matter whether the venture is successful or not, for rent is always paid in advance. There is not much credit given in the theatrical world.

For a theatre of average size in the West End £3,000 per annum will be demanded. If the lessee is an old hand he will stipulate that he is not saddled with rates and taxes—a matter of about £250 a year.

The next consideration is gas. If he be playing opera or burlesque this will amount to something like £15 a week. For comedy or tragedy not so much; perhaps £10 or £12.

In the same manner, the orchestra does not come to so much in the latter event. £20 a week is a fair estimate for comedy, while nearly twice as much will be required for opera.

The question of salaries is a difficult one to deal with. A name is everything. The lessee who opens a theatre with no well-known names on his programme will come to ruin and the Bankruptcy Court. Big salaries are the order of the day.

"I consider actors are overpaid in these times," said an old actor recently. "I toured the provinces thirty years ago as a star, played eight distinct characters a week, and received £5 for it. I do not believe I am any more clever now; nevertheless, I can command £50 a week. It is simply because I happen to live in an age when big salaries are fashionable."

To resume, however, the catalogue of the lessee's expenses. Comedy will certainly occasion an outlay of close upon £120 a week for salaries to the players. Melodrama, in which case the cast is very much extended, and "crowds" of citizens, soldiers, sailors, etc., have to be considered, £150 or £160; burlesque, £220; and comic opera, £250.

As to grand opera, the sums paid to performers are so immense that it is impossible to give an average statement. A prima donna in comic opera will receive £40 or £50 a week. We believe Miss Geraldine Ulmar, of the Savoy, when she was first engaged by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, received £30. A first low comedian takes from £15 to £25. But here, again, a name has everything in its favour. George Grossmith drew £40 a week from the treasury of the Savoy; Arthur Roberts £105 a week from the Avenue. A leading comedy actress is worth from £20 to £40, a "chambermaid" from £10 to £20, a hero in melodrama about £40, but William Terriss drew £75 at the Adelphi.

As for the drudges, the banner carriers, and members of the chorus, they have to put up with a scale price, which may vary from 1s. 6d. a night for a super to 30s. a week, which is the average salary of a chorus-singer.

For carpenters, scene-shifters, property men, gas men, and limelight men, it is usual to contract with a middleman. There are many of them. The lessee has little time to think much of the morality of the practice. He is saved a great amount of trouble, and that is the end of it. The total weekly wage of carpenters, etc., can be covered with three ten-pound notes in a moderately-sized theatre.

Advertising, with its accessories of posting and printing, is a big item. It cannot be done at a less cost than £85 to £100 a week. Then we must have a housekeeper, a stage-doorkeeper, a fireman, a policeman or two, and a certain number of extra and nameless hands. Money-takers and check-takers are paid a fixed salary of 12s. a week. The salaries of the others mentioned will vary from £1 to £2 a week.

A good acting manager is absolutely necessary. He must superintend every department in "front of the house." He is usually treasurer, looks after the receipts, pays the salaries and disbursements, and makes all contracts for advertising and printing. He has absolute discretion as to the free list, and must know thoroughly whom to admit without question, and when to distribute the gratuitous orders. Above all things he must be a man of business.

He needs two essential qualities. He must be inexorable in matters of business; he must also have what is called a good address, and must know whom to conciliate and how to do it. A good deal of his time will be occupied in making explanations and excuses. As he will have to be ambassador and plenipotentiary of the house, he must be a man of sharp and shrewd wit.

He must pacify the Lord Chamberlain and his minions; he must love the gentlemen of the press even more than as men and brothers; he must be polite and promising to troublesome creditors, and he must hood-wink the County Council to any extent the exigencies of business may demand. He will have to be at the

theatre constantly. The hardest worked man in the house, his £10 or £12 a week is well earned.

We next come to the scenery. Here again everything depends upon circumstances. For comedy it is cheap enough. Canvas is only about 1s. 6d. a yard, and after all it is only intended to be used as a big screen. At the very outside this item will not exceed £35. Comic opera is a very different matter indeed; £1,000 is soon spent. Dresses alone will come to £500 or £600.

Very likely the lessee will send to Paris for his armour or stage jewellery; it is more showy stuff than that of English make, and, consequently, costs more. Scenery will come to nearly £200. Ordinary furniture can be had cheap enough. The usual custom nowadays is to hire it at so much a week from some upholsterer, and he is given a line on the programme. "The furniture and upholsterings supplied by Messrs. ——" In melodrama, trick machinery is a very heavy item. An earthquake, an explosion, or a railway collision may cost anything.

Now our theatre is in thorough working order. We can draw up the curtain and take our profits—if any. First of all a certain income is derived from the refreshment room. The more acts there are in the play the better this department will prosper. As the lessee, however, has handed it over to a contractor for a lump sum, this will make no difference to him. £35 a week is a fair price for the buffet.

Sometimes the contractor stipulates that he shall have the right to sell the programmes, and look after the cloak rooms. Sixpence for a programme and the same sum for taking care of an umbrella are profitable items. Then there is the advertising on the programme. But all this rests with the contractor in most cases. We will take it for granted that the lessee has received £35 a week.

The great item in the receipts of course is the money taken at the door and the booking office, or through the libraries and other agents who save the lessee trouble and earn their own commission, which comes to very nearly twenty-five per cent. As an ordinary West End theatre holds about £160 or £200, this means £1,020 or £2,000 a week, not counting morning performances.

A glance at the items of expense will show that they average about £80 a night or £480 a week before the curtain is raised. But while expenses are certain receipts are problematical. If his house is full the lessee nets a clear profit of £40 a night without counting the refreshment room.

Remember, however, that this is only a profit on running expenses. The big lump sums for scenery and dresses have to be made up before he is actually in pocket. Naturally, if the piece has a long run he makes a large profit, and, furthermore, has nothing to do but take a long holiday till the popularity of his play is on the wane.

It will be noticed that no mention has been made of an arrangement with the author of the piece. If the lessee is a man of large capital he can, of course, run the risk of a loss by buying the copyright entire; if of limited capital, then he invariably goes on the profit-sharing system, the fairer method of the two.

It may be worth while to quote a few facts in corroboration of the statement at the head of this article, that a theatre is the most risky of businesses. The two great theatres of English history, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, have ruined scores of men.

To go no farther back than the present century, Mr. Bunn furnishes one of the most extraordinary papers on record, "A memorandum of eleven thousand orders (free passes), amounting to the sum of £3,851 1s. 0d., written under the management of Mr. Charles Kemble at Covent Garden Theatre, between May 17 and July 12, 1824," a period of not quite three months.

Laparte, a Frenchman, lost a fortune here in 1832. Captain Polhill from Drury Lane was equally unsuccessful. Macready embarked his fortune in the theatre and remained only a couple of seasons, at an annual rental of £7,000. His losses must have been enormous. Later, there were Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, who held it at a weekly loss of £40.

Drury Lane has been quite as big a "white elephant." Mr. Place, a wealthy American, paid a yearly rental of £10,600. He became a bankrupt in 1880. The Captain Polhill already mentioned lost £50,000 at Drury Lane, while Bunn became a bankrupt through the same medium, and owed the proprietors of the theatre £12,000. A German gentleman of fortune came next, and lost a fortune also.

Last week it was recorded in the newspapers that a lessee of the Princess's Theatre had lost £14,000 over it.

On the other hand, some large fortunes have been acquired by successful plays. Mr. Falconer made no less a sum than £60,000 clear profit during one single year at the Lyceum. *Our Boys*, the most successful piece that has ever been placed upon the stage, was played for four years at an average profit of £400 a week.

It is said that *The Private Secretary* brought £45,000 to its lucky proprietors. Edward Terry has made large fortunes for himself and his playwrights. The profits to the author alone in the case of *Sweet Lavender* have been estimated at £80,000.

Mr. Alexander Henderson made £70,000 during his connection with the stage. Mr. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte have all been able to keep the wolf from the door by the operas running at

the Savoy. One of these operas, if successful, brings in £40,000 a year clear profit.

The Gattis, of the Adelphi, and Mr. Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane, must be the most wealthy theatrical managers in London. There is seldom a failure at either house.

Just what will hit the public taste and what not is hard to say. Mr. G. R. Sims went begging with his *Lights of London*, and so did T. W. Robertson with *Society*. Yet both made the fortunes of the lessees and the writers. When *The Dead Heart* was first brought out at the Adelphi many years ago it fell flat, although £10,000 was spent in advertising it. Revived at the Lyceum lately, it was a great success. The successful opera, *Dorothy*, was played to a loss at first.

Many plays which fall perfectly flat at one theatre are produced at another and draw crowded houses. A theatrical speculation is, indeed, problematical. Managers know this, and most of them have a sort of superstitious belief in "luck."

COMPETITION has forced the price of false teeth down so low that it is hardly worth a body's while to cut his natural ones.

A CORNISH editor says he once partook of a beverage so very strong that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession that was going down his throat.

A GERMAN newspaper contains an obituary, in which occurs the following: "Our dear son, Gustav, lost his life by falling from the spires of a Lutheran church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief."

A MAN carried a bag about on Hastings beach, in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat, and charged sixpence for a peep. The gentry flocked round him to see this great curiosity. When the man let the cat out of the bag, after reaping a good harvest, it proved to be a black one. He then reminded them that there were black cherries as well as red ones.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AN ENGLISHMAN.—He is a hardy, robust, tenacious fellow, strong in the back, with muscles of iron, and as dogged as a mule. A man who, sooner than leave go of a ball, which he holds tightly under his arm, will perform prodigies of valour; who, to succeed in getting that ball between two goal posts, will bite the dust, have his flesh torn, his jaws broken, his ribs crushed, and will expire on a deathbed of agony with a smile on his lips if he can only learn, before breathing his last, that his side won the game!

JANE (coming up the stairs, to Missus): "I should feel extremely obliged, ma'm, if you would do me a little favour."

Missus (who knows the value of even an inferior "general"): "Well, Jane, what is it?"

"I hardly know what to say, ma'm."

"Well, of course, I can't comply until I know."

"Well, ma'm, my young man is at the backdoor, and I thought, perhaps, you would be so very kind as to speak with him for a few minutes while I run upstairs and make myself tidy."

AMBULANCE FIELD EXAMINATION.—Scene: Sussex Downs; Soldier, supposed to have been wounded, is brought to surgeon's tent by bearers. Bearer, reporting: "Severe scalp wound, sir, accompanied with insensibility."

Surgeon: "Well, what have you done?"

Bearer: "Dressed the wound, sir, and gave him a little whiskey-and-water."

Surgeon: "Whiskey-and-water? How did you expect an insensible man to swallow that?"

Bearer: "He axed for't, sir."

RESULT OF THE SIXTH CANVAS-SING COMPETITION.

(Issue dated October 25.)

The First Prize of £1 has been won by
MR. W. H. GARDNER,
28, SUTTON ROAD,
KIDDERMINSTER,

who sent 223 notices.

The Second Prize of 10s. by
MR. A. CAWDRON,
10, KIRKLEY CLIFF,
LOWESTOFT,

who forwarded 216.

The Third Prize of 6s. by
MR. H. BURNS,
110, GOLBORNE ROAD,
NOTTING HILL,

who sent 200.

And the Fourth Prize of 4s. by
MRS. J. W. PEPPER,
118½, WHARF STREET,
LEICESTER,

from whom 182 were received.

A notice regarding these Prizes appears on page 249.

MARKED MEN.

HOW CRIMINALS MAY BE RECOGNISED.

M. BERTILLON, the inventor of the clever system of measuring criminals, which has been widely adopted, has just written a little pamphlet—supplementary to his great work—"Judicial Photography," or the art of photographing criminals.

He begins by saying that judicial photography differs from artistic photography in that while the latter seeks to obliterate wrinkles, marks, and disfigurements, the former endeavours with the greatest care to accentuate all these—to make them prominent.

"Of all parts of the human physiognomy," say M. Bertillon, "the most significant, the most important, because it is the most stable, is the ear."

Consequently, although to ordinary observers it is perhaps the least noticed feature, it is most important for the assistance of criminal identification that every peculiarity of the ear should be most carefully noted.

"Unchangeable in its form from birth, refractory to the influences of education, surroundings or climate, this organ remains during life subject to the indestructible laws of heredity. It is almost impossible to meet two pairs of ears which are identically alike in all their parts; and the numerous variations which the ear presents with its hills and valleys seem to remain the same from the cradle to the grave.

"I believe," he adds, suggestively, "that the registration of certain peculiarities of the ear at the moment of birth in the birth registers would render criminal substitution of children impossible and mistaken identity a thing of the past."

The profile is another point of importance, according to M. Bertillon, in the photography of criminals. The lines of the profile give the fixed individuality of each face. The silhouette or shadow portrait enables the observer to measure all the portions of the face, of which the full-face picture only gives a projection. The word is used as an architect uses it.

By means of altering the head-dress and the use of unguents, pigments, and false hair, the full-face may be thoroughly disguised, deformities erased, and marks obliterated, but the profile always remains the same. This is shown in the case of actors, who, even by means of false noses, chins, etc., are not quite able to efface their profile under the inspection of an opera-glass, and it would be next to impossible to wear such palpable disguises as theirs in the streets in open day without detection.

"Therefore," says M. Bertillon, "I believe that the photograph of the profile alone is necessary to insure the identification of criminals, provided the police are well familiarised with the proper way of using this means."

It is an error to suppose that in order to engrave the characteristic traits of a face upon the memory all that is necessary is to regard it long and attentively. In the majority of cases the image is rapidly effaced because the observation has not been reasoning, methodical. It must be possible to describe, to name the different forms of the nose, the mouth, the eyes, the ears, in fact to be able to recognise and to distinguish exactly the distinctive characters of these traits as they are seen in a photograph.

M. Bertillon therefore says: "I would like to see all members of the police service familiarise themselves with the elements of anthropology and with the anatomy of the face. They could then arrest almost without fail and on the spot every criminal who dared to trust himself upon the street."

Finally, the chief of the French anthropometric service gives some words of advice regarding the practical comparison of a photograph with a description, and how to arrive by this means at the identification, that is, at the proof that the image represented is truly that of the suspected person.

"A prisoner," he says, "is never willing to recognise his own portrait in a photograph shown to him. If he were to say frankly, 'Yes, that is my picture,' he would thus give to justice a proof of his identity, and he would never do that, you may be sure. It is necessary to drag from him the acknowledgment, 'Yes, that photograph really represents me.'"

If in the presence of the person pointed out to you as the criminal you have some hesitation as to the truthfulness of the resemblance, be careful not to express your doubt openly. On the contrary, affect a complete assurance, and place the doubtful picture suddenly directly under the eyes of the suspected person.

Here is a rule without exception. If the photograph is his, he cannot help looking it over carefully in order to try to find some points at least that do not resemble him. "Oh, look," he will say, "is that my mouth?" "On the contrary the photograph is not of him, if you are the victim of a false resemblance, your man will not even give himself the trouble to look closely at it, nor to dispute your error."

And, strange to say, it is full-face portraits of himself that a criminal recognises most readily, which have most influence over him, which cause him to make avowals, to dispute, to even deny. The portrait of his profile he is very likely not to recognise; he has perhaps never seen his side face; he can easily deny its truth, but justice—educated in the art of physiognomy, of anthropometry—will have at hand almost absolutely undeniable proofs of his identity.

WHAT A LADY CAN DO WITH A HAIRPIN.

The proof of a boy's mechanical skill is usually what he can do with a knife; the proof of a woman's is what she can do with a hairpin.

Few women take naturally to ordinary tools. They use hammers in a gingerly and ridiculous manner, or they pound their fingers with them; they put blunt pointed nails along instead of across the grain, and then wonder why it splits; they use screw-drivers principally to pry open boxes, and they think pinchers were made to crack nuts with. But they know how to manage a hairpin.

"A lady," said an observing gentleman the other day, "always opens a letter better than a man. A man tears off a corner, and then pulls the envelope more or less to pieces in getting at the contents; but a lady draws a hairpin, inserts one prong at a corner, and rips open the edge as neatly, easily, and quickly as if it were a tool made for the purpose."

With the same "tool" she can, and frequently does, button her gloves, and occasionally her boot. She cuts the magazines with it. She twists it into clasps for broken jewellery. She employs it to draw corks, and also to snuff candles. She inserts it into windows to keep them from rattling, and uses it to brace back shades that incline to tumble down.

She succeeds, by its help, in turning the hasps of windows from the outside, when obliged, by accidental lock-out, to "burglarise" her own house. She arms herself with it when travelling, to keep disagreeable neighbours at a respectful distance. She files receipts upon it.

The fan has long been regarded as the object most suggestive of the Spanish woman. Ladies of other countries are famed for their especially graceful or skilful use of other dainty, family, feminine articles. But if we are asked to select the thing most truly representative of the British girl, we would name, without hesitation, the neat, the ingenious, the inexhaustible, the magic hair-pin.

LIFE A MILLION YEARS AGO.

A SCIENTIFIC paper tells us that "a million years ago the length of the day was about three hours." It is gradually increasing in length, though "even in centuries the change is but a fraction of a second."

Just imagine the disadvantages our poor ancestors had to contend against a million years ago. Fancy having to crowd a day's work and amusement and sleep into three hours. When three or four meals had been hurriedly bolted there would be very little time left for a newspaper or cigar. No lounging at clubs, no parliamentary debates, no whist parties, concerts, or operas were needed to while away the hours. They passed so quickly on pleasant days that one's boots were hardly on before he was obliged to don his night-cap and retire to rest.

So short were the days that there was hardly time to get into debt. So short were the nights that there wasn't even time to dream. When one wanted to have his hair cut he was obliged to omit a meal or a night's sleep.

It is probable that the short duration of the day accounts for the reputed length of the lives of the people of those early ages. Buckle, in his "History of Civilisation," quotes the Sanscrit books and the records of the Thibetan divines, which assert that "in ancient times the life of a common man was 80,000 years, and that holy men lived to be upwards of 100,000."

Of one king, whose name was Yudhishtir, it is mentioned that he reigned 27,000 years, while another, called Alarka, reigned 66,000. It is sad to think that these young creatures were cut off in their prime, since there are several instances of the early poets living to be about half a million.

But the most remarkable case is that of a brilliant character mentioned in the "Vishnu Purana," who united in his single person the functions of a king and a saint. This eminent man's days were, indeed, long in the land since, when he was made king, he was 2,000,000 years old. He then reigned for the trifle of 800,000 years, having done which he resigned his empire, and lingered on for 100,000 years more.

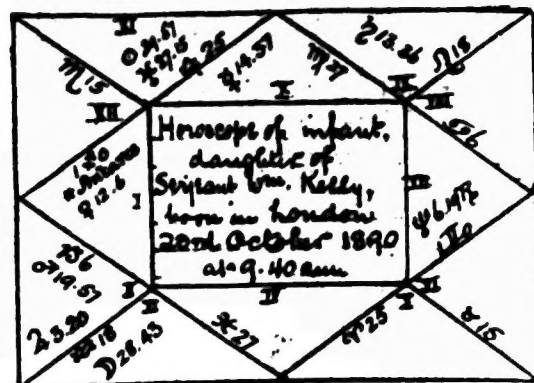
A reign of 800,000 years would be taxing to the strength of any man, but the difficulties must have been aggravated in such a warm climate as that of India, and without the aid of telephones, comic journals, and parliamentary elections to relieve the monotony, and add a zest to life.

He probably fell in love when he was 400,000 or 500,000 years of age. During his engagement of 20,000 or 30,000 years, a young man would have ample time to become acquainted with his sweetheart, and to find out her taste in the matter of chocolates and jewellery.

It is exasperating to think that these ancient pagans were permitted to while away a million years in comparative idleness, while we intelligent and busy moderns, even with the aid of the "health hints" which our papers furnish in such abundance, can scarcely reach the allotted "three score years and ten," and in the majority of instances are hurried out of the world by the application of railway trains, medicines, adulterated foods, physicians, and other life-shorteners.

THE HOROSCOPE OF THE WINNER OF THE FIRST CHILD PRIZE.

COMMUNICATED BY AN ASTROLOGER.



In this horoscope the sun, the moon, and all the planets except Mars are in zodiacal signs, which are symbolized by human forms, to indicate their influence, and signs of similar nature are rising and culminating. Besides which, Venus is just below the Eastern horizon. Therefore this baby girl is likely to develop into a beautiful woman, perhaps a little quick tempered and fickle, but generally amiable.

The sun and moon are in close time aspect (four signs apart), which will enable her to overcome many evil influences to health and general prosperity. She will probably possess considerable love of music, dancing, and pleasures. The moon, separating from Venus and applying to the sun, may indicate a serious dispute with her parents, which will interfere for a time with her well-being. She will be fond of dress and ambitious, and, as Mars is in square with Mercury, quick witted and liable to exaggerate.

The moon in the 8th house may give many changes and short journeys, and Saturn in the 9th house is not favourable to long journeys, especially by water. The first three years of life are likely to bring important crises, both good and evil, to herself or parents. Her seventh and seventeenth years should be fortunate. The eleventh and twelfth perhaps the reverse. She will marry most likely between twenty and twenty-five, but married life may not be altogether happy, as the sun is in conjunction with Uranus and semi-square (1 1/2 signs) aspect with Saturn. Her husband will probably be of middle stature, rather stout, dark haired, yet with a clear complexion, and of a cheerful, generous, and manly disposition.

GUY MANNERING.

"WILL," said Mrs. Drury to her husband, after his return from a fishing trip, "you ought to spend an hour or two with a fisherman, and get some hints about the different kinds of fish."

"Er—what for?" demanded Will.

"It looks a little inconsistent, that's all, to bring home mackerel when you've been fishing up the river."

"It seems a perfectly clear case against you," said the reporter. "Why not make a clean breast of it, and let me publish your confession?"

"Confession!" exclaimed the indignant prisoner. "I have nothing to confess. I am an innocent man, sir. But if—if—s'posin' I did have a confession to make, what's the best figure your paper would pay me for it?"

A YOUNG woman, evidently "from the country," was seen standing with a perplexed air at one of the pillar letter-boxes. She was observed to knock several times on the top of the iron box, and obtaining no response, she passed round to the opposite side, and, raising the cover of the slit in which letters are placed, applied her mouth to the aperture, and called out (or in), "Can you let me have a postage stamp, if you please?"

TO THOSE WHO LIKE THE PAPER.

If you appreciate our efforts "to interest, to elevate, to amuse," will you help us make the paper known by handing specimen copies to your friends? Readers who will so far trouble themselves as to do this will be giving the most practical proof possible of their approbation.

We will gladly send (carriage free, of course) the number of specimen copies for which any reader asks. Foremen and overseers of large factories and workshops are in a position to render particularly valuable assistance in this way.

Were we providing a poor pennyworth of reading matter we should be able to advertise extensively. As it is, we feel we may ask those whom we succeed in pleasing to make the paper known a little in this manner.

We have printed on small gummed slips a facsimile of the new heading with some wording round it. To those who will make use of these we shall be most happy to forward a packet.

FACTS.

CARRIAGE-PIGEONS travel from twenty to forty miles an hour.

VITRIOL does not burn if wiped off the skin at once with a dry cloth.

In the smaller towns of Germany only the sweeps wear the chimney pot hat.

OVER 520,000 people are carried by the Metropolitan Railways of London daily.

It has been estimated by competent authorities that above 4,000 stags are annually killed in Scotland.

THERE are 190,000 public-houses in the United Kingdom. In other words, one house in every forty-two is a public-house.

JACOB'S WELL and the plot of ground surrounding it have been sold by the Turkish Government to the Greek Church for £4,000.

IN Norway so much importance is attached to the rite of confirmation that it is often very difficult for the unconfirmed to obtain any sort of employment.

FROM the leafy surface of a single acre of grass in our island it is estimated that from 8,000,000 to nearly 5,000,000 pounds of water are yearly exhaled in the form of vapour.

THE leaves of a plant of Northern India, when chewed, take away the power of tasting sugar for twenty-four hours, although they do not otherwise obliterate the general sense of taste.

GERMANY employs five and a-half millions of women in industrial pursuits; England, four millions; France, three and three-quarter millions; Italy, three and a-half millions; and Austro-Hungary nearly the same number.

THE Chinese are, perhaps, the most lightly taxed people in the world. In China all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about half-a-crown per head yearly.

At the public library at Macon there is a barometer made simply of a thin strip of cedar and a thin strip of white pine, placed together and stuck perpendicularly in a base rest of wood. When it is going to rain the strips bend down, and when it is to be dry they stand rigidly stiff and straight. It is said to indicate coming storms unfailingly.

THE LONGEST PLANTS.—The longest plants in the world are sea-weeds. One tropical and sub-tropical variety is known which measures in length, when it has reached its full development, at least 600 feet. Sea-weeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the seawater.

A NEW USE FOR THE TRICYCLE.—The speedy three-wheeler has been adopted by the authorities of the parish of St. Giles, Camberwell, so that their dust-superintendents might go their rounds, which extend over a very wide area, with increased rapidity. Four machines were hired for the four officials, by way of experiment, and the trial of the tricycles was so successful that they were afterwards purchased.

NAPOLEON'S POCKET-BOOK.—There is now in the possession of a Russian lady the pocket-book lost by Napoleon more than three-quarters of a century ago, when he was crossing the Beresina. Napoleon offered large rewards for it during the three years before Waterloo. It was given to its present possessor as a souvenir by Count Felix Ledochovsky. Prince Victor is stated to be among the numerous would-be purchasers of this interesting relic.

NEW CURE FOR STAMMERING.—Stammerers rarely, if ever, show any impediment to speech when speaking in whispers. On this fact a new method of treatment has been founded, which is as follows:—For the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the voice, and constitute the preliminary stage of treatment. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in a whispering voice, and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.

A NEW SWINDLE.—The latest swindle is accomplished by means of a double fountain pen, one end filled with ordinary ink, and the other with ink that fades away in a day or two. The sharper's plan is to call on farmers or others, make a bargain so advantageous to them that they are willing to agree to it, write the contract or agreement with the ink that fades, then manage so that the victim signs it with the ink that lasts. Then, in a few days, he has the name on a sheet of blank paper, on which any sort of note can be written.

MOULDING STONES.—It is stated that a combination of chemicals has been discovered by means of which the hardest stones can be dissolved and moulded into any shape, the cast being as hard as flint, translucent, and capable of taking on a very brilliant lustre. Most brilliant colours are said to result from this process, in which the inventor has so much belief that he is endeavouring to get some capitalist to back him to carry out the invention on a large scale. It is stated that while in a fluid state the dissolved stone can be used to coat anything having a hard and glossy surface.

EVERY 100lbs. of good barley gives the brewer 80lbs. of malt.

It is said that over £1,000,000 is spent by Londoners for flowers yearly.

RUTLAND has not only the distinction of being the smallest county in England, but may also claim to be the most free from crime.

It is a curious point in our criminal law that to constitute murder the death must take place in a year and a day from the time of the offence.

It is almost impossible to get unadulterated coffee. An inspector states that out of one hundred shops visited for that purpose, eighty-nine sold chicory in large proportion mixed with it.

It is said that a certain much-advertised British pill finds great favour with the Czar, inasmuch that he frequently carries a box of them in his pocket, and may be seen swallowing a couple before he sits down to meals.

DUNNOW has been the scene of a curious matrimonial complication. Two brothers bearing the name of Matthews married two sisters named Barnard, and, shortly after the double marriage had been gone through, the father of the brides, who was a widower, married the widowed mother of the bridegrooms.

THE domestic arrangements at Buckingham Palace are not all that could be desired. Great corridors, leading to nowhere in particular, occupy much of the space, the rooms are inconveniently remote from one another, and in order, presumably, to prevent the smell of the cooking obtruding on Royal noses, the kitchen is actually a quarter of a mile from the Queen's private dining-room.

For twenty years there has been no death punishment for crime in Switzerland. Some of the cantons have, indeed, repealed the Act for abolishing executions, but so strong is the public feeling on the subject of capital punishment, that a most brutal parricide, who was sentenced to death by a cantonal court, on appeal to the General Council of the Republic had the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, by a large majority of votes.

THE SPEED OF ANIMALS.—A writer observes that he has sprinkled wasps and bees with rose-coloured powder, and has found that they, thus handicapped, could keep up with the fastest trains when speeding down "Shap Summit," the steepest gradient in the country. Nor were these carried along in the rush of air caused by the train. They would come in and out of the window, sometimes disappearing for a minute or more, but frequently returning again and again. At a distance of from five to ten miles they dropped behind, while others took their places.

ABOUT MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—Perhaps the most singular instance of the way in which different people regard the same thing is the manner in which mothers-in-law are treated in various parts of the earth. In France they are esteemed; in Britain, they are the undesired theme of much cheap wit, and some very material antipathy. Among many Indian tribes it is in the highest degree improper for a mother-in-law to speak to her daughter's husband. If she finds it necessary to communicate with him, it is etiquette that she should turn her back, and address him through the medium of a third person.

THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S.—The pigeons of St. Mark's, Venice, are said to have been settled in the city since the year 877. After the religious services of Palm Sunday, it was anciently the custom of the sacristans of St. Mark's to release some birds with their wings clipped, which the people in the piazza scrambled for. The pigeons took refuge on the roof of the church, where they gradually increased to an enormous number, and assumed a certain sanctity of character. Before the downfall of the republic they were fed daily at two o'clock, and at the expense of the Government, but the cost is now defrayed from a bequest left by some charitable lady.

THE LONGEST TRAM-LINE IN THE WORLD.—A tram-line is being constructed in the Argentine Republic which will connect Buenos Ayres with the outlying towns, and will when finished extend over 200 miles. The cars will be drawn by horses, which are amazingly cheap and plentiful in South America; steam there would be a far more costly means of working the trams, for fuel, both wood and coal, is scarce and expensive. The rolling stock consists of five sleeping cars of 18ft. long, each with six beds, which, in the daytime, are rolled back to form seats; four two-storied carriages, twenty platform carriages, six ice waggons, four cattle trucks, and 200 goods vans.

ITALIAN MORTAR.—Italian masons, when they begin to build a house, dig a deep pit, into which is put lime enough to fill it within a foot or two of the top. Water is then poured in until the pit is filled, and the mixture is left to itself, care being taken only to add water, as that first put in is evaporated or absorbed. As mortar is wanted, a portion of the lime is taken from the top of the mass; but the lower portion, which will be used to mix with the plastering mortar, remains undisturbed for years, and acquires a smooth, pasty quality much prized by Italian architects, who place a value upon the lime which they use for such purposes proportionate to the length of time which has elapsed since it was first slaked.

SHAKESPEARE is almost as often acted in Germany as in Britain.

It is a breach of etiquette for a Chinaman to wear spectacles in company.

THE Duke of Sutherland owns 200,000 acres on Hampton Plains, Western Australia.

The Government Telegraph Service of Great Britain transmits, it is said, on the average, 1,588,270 words a day to newspapers alone.

It is calculated that a piece of platinum about the size of the tip of a man's finger could be drawn out into a wire fine enough to stretch right across Europe from the Urals to the Bay of Biscay.

BRITISH beer is still rapidly coming into favour in our immense Asiatic Empire. It is stated, indeed, that the annual consumption has very nearly trebled within the last five years, and for the current year will in all probability exceed three millions of gallons.

JOHN TENNIEL's first cartoon of Mr. Gladstone appeared in PUNCH on May 20, 1864. Gladstone, a jockey, riding the horse Democracy, has given him mount the rein without the signal of Palmerston, the starter, who shouts after the impatient rider, "Hi! Gladstone, Democracy. Too soon! Too soon!" This cartoon was apropos of the proposal to grant the franchise in boroughs to £6 householders.

CHEAP LIVING.—People who wish to live well and cheaply at the same time should go to Antioch. A gentleman tried to be extravagant there, but found it almost impossible—house rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to spend more than £40 a year. Oh, that Antioch were London. Fancy 7½lbs. of mutton for 1s., fat fowls for 2d. apiece, 70lbs. of fish for 1s., and all possible fruits and vegetables sufficient for one's household for 2d. a week.

THE PUFFS OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—The cough or puff of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly the coughs can, of course, be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puffs come out one after the other much more rapidly, and when eighteen coughs a second are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour gives out twenty puffs of steam every second—that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

PUNCTUATION.—It is strange that the use of points for purposes of punctuation should be such a comparatively modern invention. Of the four generally used points, only the period (.) dates earlier than the fifteenth century. The colon (:) is said to have been first introduced about 1485, the comma (,) about 1570. It is difficult to understand how the literary world dispensed for so many centuries with the useful points, and their lack must have added to the toil of the decipherer of written documents. When we remember what curious perversions of meaning may be caused by the misplacing of a comma we marvel how early authors contrived to escape strange misreading of their works, in which no points guided the students.

A TINY CHURCH.—The parish church of Lullington, Sussex, proudly boasts of being the smallest one in England. The population of this parish is sixteen in number, and is contained in two cottages. There is a certain picturesque sense of proportion in this number, for the church is 16 feet square; so each soul has his foot's space wherein to annex salvation for himself. Tiny the church surely is, for it just holds four pews, a font, a pulpit, and a harmonium, besides the little communion table, surmounted by a faded panel containing the Ten Commandments and the Royal arms, with G.R. to keep the lion and unicorn company. At one side a row of pegs, no doubt represents the vestry and overhead a piece of sacking does its best to stop a hole in the roof.

A USEFUL ANIMAL.—The Greenlander knows how to turn seals to profitable account. They supply him with food, light, and clothing. The liver is considered a dainty, and the fat is burned in lamps; the skin is dressed in a manner which makes it waterproof. When the skin is dressed without the hair, the Esquimaux use it as planks for their boats and as an outer covering for themselves, so that they are able to overturn their canoes and themselves in the water without getting their bodies wet. The skin of young seals serves as apparel for women and children, while the integuments of the older animals make a capital roofing for huts. The bladder is filled with air and used as a fishing buoy, while the teeth furnish hunting spears with points.

HOW TO SAVE THE VOICE.—A correspondent writes: I have been singing for the past forty years in the large choral societies of the metropolis, and now, at the age of sixty-two, find myself with perfectly sound lungs and throat. My habit has been never to use a wrap round the throat out of doors, even in the coldest weather, but to keep the chest well protected; also not to talk much when facing a keen wind. On leaving the concert or other room or theatre, where the heat has been many degrees higher than the atmosphere of the streets, I keep my mouth closed for about a couple of minutes, breathing through the nose, at the same time putting my handkerchief loosely round the throat until the skin has cooled down to its normal state, when I remove it, and also the restriction on the mouth at the same time.

FICTION.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HAT.—Mr. Smith bought a new silk hat the other day, and that same evening went to a concert, and placed the silk hat just outside his seat in the gangway.

In a few moments, Mrs. Slingsby entered, and as she proceeded up the gangway her abounding skirts caught Mr. Smith's hat, and rolled it nearly to the orchestra. Mr. Smith pursued his hat with feelings of indignation, and when Mrs. Slingsby took her place he walked back, brushing his hat with his sleeve.

A few moments later, Mrs. Stoveapenny came in, and as Mr. Smith had again placed his hat in the gangway, Mrs. Stoveapenny's skirts struck it, and swept it along about twenty feet, and left it lying on its side in a demoralised condition.

Mr. Smith was listening to a duet at the time, and he didn't miss it. But a moment later, when he looked to see if it was safe, he was furious to perceive it was gone. He skirmished up the gangway after it again, and recovered it.

He put his hat down again, and determined to keep his eye on it, but, just as he turned his head away for a moment, Mrs. Bungle came in, and Smith looked round only in time to watch the hat being gathered in under Mrs. Bungle's skirts, and carried away by them.

He started in pursuit, and just as he did so the hat must have rolled against Mrs. Bungle's ankles, for she gave a jump and screamed out. When her husband asked her what was the matter, she said there must be a dog under her dress, and she gave her skirts a twist.

Out rolled Mr. Smith's hat, and Mr. Bungle being very short-sighted, thought it was a dog, and immediately kicked it so savagely that it flew up in the gallery and lodged there. Mr. Smith, perfectly frantic with rage, held his clenched fist under Bungle's nose, and shrieked:

"I've half a mind to brain you, you scoundrel."

Then he flung down his programme, and rushed from the hall. He went home bareheaded, and the hall-keeper brought his humiliating hat round later on, crushed into an unrecognisable shape. After that Mr. Smith expressed a purpose to go habitually to smoking concerts, where he could sit with his hat on his head, and where petticoats are absent.

HIS STORY.—It happened to myself. I was engaged at a London hospital then, and my duty was to smother the people that didn't seem likely to get better when the beds were wanted. I used to do it in the middle of the night with a pillow. It's a regular thing in the hospitals, you know. Well, one night I was just going to create accommodation for one, when my hand was seized from behind. It was one of the nurses.

"Not him," she said. "Here, I want you."

She slipped a sovereign into my hand, and led me to an open casement. With the moonlight streaming on her raven tresses, she told me a fearful tale.

"He was in love with me once," she said, "and I don't want him murdered. Besides, he has a mission to accomplish, and he'll get better."

"What's his mission," I said.

She drew me from the ray of the moonbeams into the dark shadows that fell upon the wall.

"He has a torpedo in his inside."

"Impossible," I exclaimed, preparing to dive under a bed.

"Do not be alarmed; it is one of his own invention. He made it no bigger than a pill, and swallowed it by mistake. It has made him very ill; but so long as he lives it will remain intact. If he dies by violence it will explode."

"Then he mustn't die here!"

"Certainly not; he wants to utilise his invention for the benefit of society. To-morrow he will be removed in a cab to his residence. There he proposes to manufacture torpedo pills for the million. They will regenerate society. People will be able to live unmolested and at peace. No man will dare to kick his wife for fear of exploding her torpedo. No cabman will dare to run over a pedestrian lest he should be blown to atoms. Murder will mean the immediate execution of the assassin. War will be impossible; the killing of the enemy's soldiers would be the annihilation of your own troops. The torpedo pill will be harmless during an unmolested life and a quiet death, but deadly the moment violence is attempted. Ah! What was that?"

Terrified by the nurse's exclamation, I listened. For a moment there was a hissing sound from one of the beds, and then—and then a loud report.

The hospital shook to its foundation, the walls rocked, the roof went up in the air, and the building collapsed—a heap of crumbling ruins.

The man with the torpedo had gone off.

How we escaped I don't know; but the nurse and myself were found senseless in the next street by two policemen. We have talked it over since, and we think the man struck himself in the chest accidentally. His loss was a loss to humanity, for no one possesses the secret of his torpedo pills.

A WILY Crocodile
Who dwelt upon the Nile
Bethought himself one day to give a dinner;
"Economy," said he,
"Is chief of all with me,
And shall considered be—as I'm a sinner."

With paper, pen, and ink,
He sat him down to think,
And, first of all, Sir Lion he invited;
The northern Wolf who dwells
In rocky Arctic dells:
The Leopard and the Lynx, by birth united.

Then Mr. Fox, the shrewd,
No lover he of good;
And Madam Duck, with sobor step and stately;
And Mr. Frog serene
In garb of bottle-green,
Who warbled bass and bore himself sedately.

Sir Crocodile content,
The invitations sent;
The day was come, his guests were all assembled;
They fancied that some guile
Lurked in his ample smile;
Each on the other looked, and somewhat trembled.

A lengthy time they wait,
Their hunger waxed great,
And still the host in conversation dallies;
At last the table's laid
With covered dishes spread,
And out in haste the hungry party sallies.

But when covers were raised,
On empty plates they gazed,
Each on the other looked with dire intention;
Ma'am Duck sat last of all,
And Mr. Frog was small,
She softly swallowed him, and made no mention.

This Mr. Fox perceives,
And saying, "By your leaves
Some punishment is due for this transgression."
He gobbled her in haste,
Then, much to his distaste,
By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession.

The Wolf, without a pause,
In spite of teeth and claws,
Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story;
The Leopard, all irate
At his relation's fate,
Made mince-meat of that wolfish monster hoary.

The Lion raised his head—
"Since I am king," he said,
"It ill befits a king to lack his dinner;"
Then on the Leopard sprang
With mighty claw and fang,
And made a meal upon that spotted sinner.

Then saw in sudden fear
Sir Crocodile draw near,
And heard him speak with feelings of distraction,
"Since all of you have dined,
Well suited to your mind,
You surely cannot grudge me satisfaction."

And sooth, a deal of guile
Lurked in his ample smile,
And down his throat the roaring Lion hasted;
"Economy, with me,
Is chief of all," said he,
"And I am glad to see there's nothing wasted."

A FARMER tells a story of his shooting. Says he: "I was very much troubled with these winged thieves (the birds), for they made terrible havoc among the corn. I put scarecrows up till I was tired, so I took my gun loaded with powder and pellets, and you should have seen the quantity I brought down in one day. One morning my boy rushed indoors and yelled, 'Dad, hundreds of birds among the corn.' I took down my gun, put in the powder, but could not find the shot, so I thrust in a handful of tacks, and off I ran. Getting to the corn, I yelled pretty hard, and up flew the birds into a tree. Being excited, I fired, and behold every bird was nailed to the tree, with their wings flapping as if flying. Struck with the sight, I stood watching them, when the blessed things pulled up the tree and flew away with it leaving me in disgust."

ANOTHER impostor has been exposed. He claimed to be a railway porter out of work, but when he went out of the room he did not slam the door hard enough to make the chairs dance, and was, of course, arrested.

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "Edward, I wish you would go upstairs and see Charles. The poor boy is in great distress."

Unfeeling Father: "What ails him?"

Anxious Mother: "Remorse. I forbade him to go with the Simpson boys, and he went. He is very much grieved over his disobedience, and is really ill—and so pale and weak."

Unfeeling Father: "Yes, I saw him as he went upstairs. Make yourself easy, my dear. There is another name for it besides remorse. It is generally known as 'his first clear.'"

A SCALPING EXPEDITION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—This was the way it happened: I was playing Indian in the yard. I had a wooden tomahawk and a wooden scalping knife, and a bow'n-arrow. I was dressed up in father's old coat turned inside out, and had six chicken feathers in my hair. I was playing I was Green Thunder, the Comanche Chief, and was hunting for pale faces in the yard. It was just after tea, and I was having a nice time.

Mr. Travers came, and he said, "Jimmy, what are you up to now?"

So I told him I was Green Thunder, and was on the war path.

Said he, "Jimmy, I think I saw Mr. Martin on his way here. Do you think you would mind scalping him?"

I said I wouldn't scalp him for nothing, for that would be cruelty; but if Mr. Travers was sure that Mr. Martin was the enemy of the Red man, then Green Thunder's heart would ache for revenge, and I would scalp him with pleasure.

Mr. Travers said that Mr. Martin was a notorious enemy and oppressor of the Red man, and he gave me sixpence, and said that as soon as Mr. Martin should come, and be sitting comfortably in the drawing-room, I was to give the war-whoop and scalp him.

Well, in a few minutes Mr. Martin came. He and Mr. Travers, and Susan sat in the drawing-room, and talked as if they were all so pleased to see each other.

I stole softly into the room, and got behind Mr. Martin. When I had got about six feet from him I gave a war-whoop and jumped at him. I caught hold of his scalp-lock with one hand, and drew my wooden scalping-knife round his head with the other.

I never got such a fright in my whole life. The knife was so blunt that it wouldn't have cut butter; but, true as I sit here, Mr. Martin's whole scalp came off in my hand. I thought I had killed him, and I dropped his scalp, and said:—

"For mercy's sake, I didn't mean to do it, and I'm awfully sorry."

But he just caught up his scalp, stuffed it in his pocket, jammed his hat on his head, and walked off saying to Susan:—

"I didn't come here to be insulted by a little wretch that deserves the gallows."

Mr. Travers and Susan never said a word until he had gone, and then they laughed until the noise brought father in to ask what was the matter. When he heard what had happened, instead of laughing he looked very angry, and said "that Mr. Martin is a worthy man, my son, and you may come upstairs with me."

If you've ever been a boy, you know what happened upstairs, and I needn't say any more on a very painful subject. I didn't mind it so much, for I thought Mr. Martin would die, and then I should be put in gaol and hung; but before she went to bed Susan came up and whispered through the door that it was all right that Mr. Martin was made that way, so that he could be taken apart easily, and that I didn't hurt him. I shall have to stay in my room to-day, and eat bread and water, and what I say is, that if men are made with scalps that may come off any minute if a boy just touches them, it isn't fair to blame the boy.

In an East-end clothing shop is a card announcing "Perfectly fitting garments. Every article sits as well as a hen."

A READING girl has an admirer who tips the beam a nineteen stone. She keeps him in attendance every night up to ten o'clock, seated comfortably in an arm chair. She explained to a companion, under the seal of secrecy, that beneath the cushion she kept her autumn leaves in a book, and as soon as they were sufficiently pressed she intended to give him his dismissal.

£100 INSURANCE FOR FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

During the Winter Months we propose to substitute a Football Insurance for the Cyclist Insurance, which has been running since the paper commenced. This will remain in force until the first week in April when the Cyclist Insurance will be resumed. Meantime we undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor at the time of the accident of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed.

WHEN ROYALTY TRAVELS IN JAPAN.

THERE has existed in Japan for many centuries a curious law to the effect that whenever the Emperor or Empress appeared in public no other person should occupy a higher place than this member of the Royal family; therefore, on such occasions the shutters of all upper stories were drawn, and the upper parts of the houses through which the Royal party moved were seemingly deserted. This law is still in effect. Three months ago, when the Empress went into the country for a brief period, an elaborate announcement was posted in conspicuous places along the line of her contemplated route commanding the public to observe strictly certain requirements of etiquette, to wit:

When her Majesty shall pass along no one must look at her from the frame built on houses for the drying of clothes, or through cracks in doors, or from any position in the upper part of their houses.

If anyone wishes to see her Majesty he or she must sit down at the side of the road by which her Majesty will pass. All children must be taken particular care of that they do not play in the road, and so obstruct the passage of her Majesty through the streets.

No one must look at her Majesty without taking off his hat, neckcloth, or turban, or whatever else he may be wearing on his head. Moreover, no one must be smoking while he or she is looking at her Majesty, nor must anyone carry a stick or a cane. Only women wearing the clothes of foreigners will be permitted to retain their head covering.

Although it may rain, no person will be allowed to put up an umbrella while her Majesty may be passing. Dogs must not be allowed to wander on to the road by which her Majesty will pass.

Until the passage of her Majesty, the route by which she will come will be kept free from all carriages and jinrikashas. The roads which she will take must be completely free from all traffic.

As her Majesty passes no one must raise his voice, nor must any sound be heard, nor must the crowd close in and follow her carriage, for no noise must be made. When her Majesty reaches Umeda station there will be a discharge of fifty fireworks.

DOES IT PAY TO WRITE NOVELS?

A FIRST novel, whether it be a success or a failure, always brings disappointment; and this is the fact to be borne in mind. A young author can hardly hope for his first book a better fate than that it should be much talked of, warmly praised by reviewers, extolled by its publisher, and that it should within six months run through three editions at a guinea and a half, and be then brought out in a one-volume form at six shillings.

Such a career stamps the success of a work; and if the author happens to have treated with his publishers on the system of half profits he thinks himself justified in anticipating a nice little sum for the first settling day.

Unfortunately, the term "edition" is one that varies in meaning according to the publishing house that employs it, so that the number of editions advertised offers no indication of the number of copies that have been sold. There are editions of 1,000 copies and others of 250; and, again, certain editions sell for 15s. per copy, and others for 10s., so that the nominal price of 81s. 6d. is a delusion.

Publishers generally discharge their functions equitably—leaning much more towards indulgence than severity. Were it otherwise, a good third of the novels that appear would never have seen print. So, in the upshot, our tyro hears, at the end of six weeks or two months, that the reader has reported favourably on his novel, and that the firm are willing to undertake that publication—subject to certain alterations which are suggested in the name of good taste, or of literary finish, or of dramatic proprieties. These alterations may require a couple of months, for it is quite as hard to correct a work as to write it, and the striking out of a few chapters necessitates the recasting of an entire volume—perhaps, of the whole three.

On the other hand, a young author who has been made to revise his book by the counsels of an experienced writer mostly finds that the novel has benefited by the revision; and when the manuscript is sent off again it is decidedly improved, though lightened.

Now comes the time for correcting the proofs; but a new author may have to wait three or four months before the first batch is received, and it takes at least three months before the three volumes are exhausted. The proofs are usually forwarded in sheets of sixteen pages every two or three days, and, according to the terms of the agreement, signed between the publishers and the author, it is the latter who has to bear the cost of corrections exceeding ten lines per sheet.

A word about this agreement, which we will suppose to have been drafted on the half-profit system. It sets forth that Messrs. Such-and-Such shall be "the sole publishers of every edition of a work entitled —," during the copyright of the said work, which they shall publish at their own expense and risk, and that, "after deducting from the produce of the sale thereof all the expenses of printing, paper, advertising, and

other expenses of production, including a charge of 5 per cent. on the sales, made to defray publishing expenses, the profits remaining out of every edition of the work shall be divided into two equal parts—one for the author, the other for the publisher."

The agreement further states that the books shall be accounted for at the trade sale price, thirteen as twelve, unless the publishers think it advisable to dispose of copies or of the remainder at a lower price, which shall be left to the judgment of the publishers; and that accounts shall be made up half-yearly, at Midsummer and Christmas, and delivered on or before the 1st of October or 1st April following. Finally, that the accounts shall be settled by bills at two months, dated respectively October 1 and April 1.

There is nothing unfair in such agreements, for publishers run a risk of loss in bringing out the works of unknown authors. But we are premising now that the work of our new author achieved success. One laudatory review after another appears; the book is in large demand at Mudie's; the railway bookstalls dispose of a number of copies, and then ask for more; in short, the advertisements in the newspapers soon announce a second edition of the novel, and by and bye a third.

The author imagines that he is booked for a small fortune. He has heard that an edition means 750 copies, and, fancying that the trade price of a work which costs a guinea and a half cannot be less than twenty shillings, he comes to the conclusion that the sale of 2,250 copies must leave a net profit of at least £1,000, whereof his own share will be £500. His friends, who know as little of the matter as himself, encourage him in his delusions.

The publishers send a courteous letter offering their congratulations on the success of the book, and stating their intention to bring out a new edition at 6s. As this implies that all the copies of editions at 81s. 6d. have been or are about to be disposed of, the author becomes more assured than ever that his prospects are of the fairest. Indeed, there is not a profession, except the novel writer's, where a first decided success does not mean money, and a great deal of it.

Settling day comes at last, and the publisher's accounts are sent in. To his astonishment and mortification the author reads this:—First edition, printed 350 copies; second, 250; 3rd, 250. Given to author, six copies; public libraries, five; press, &c., 50. Sold:—

225 as 216 to Mudie's, at 15s.	162	0	0
150 as 142 to railway bookstalls, at 15s.	106	0	0
172 as 165 sold at 18s. (less 5 per cent., £7 8s. 6d.)	141	1	6
75 as 72 sold to railway stalls, at 10s. 6d.	37	16	0
Total sales, &c.	448	17	6

Then comes the debit account:—

On hand 174 copies.	£	s.	d.
Cost of paper and print for first edition	103	5	6
Cost of paper and print for second edition	83	15	0
Cost of paper and print for third edition	37	15	6
Binding 750 copies	40	10	0
Advertising	93	15	0
Total	£359	1	0

So the balance of the profits which remains is £89 16s. 6d., whereof the author's moiety amounts to the lordly sum of £44 18s. 8d.

Here is a fine result for labours, expenses, and patience extending over about two years and a half, to say nothing of anticipations so miserably deceived.

The author, as he scans the ridiculous balance-sheet, notes that not a single copy of the work, rated at 81s. 6d., has been sold at that price, and that numbers have been disposed of for 10s. 6d. apiece.

Wherefore it naturally occurs to him to wonder as to what can be the profits which accrue to an author whose work is not a success, and does not attain to three editions. Can it be really possible that there are persons who write novels for the mere fun of the thing, and that they find publishers willing, also for fun's sake, to bear the loss of printing and selling their unprofitable effusions? The above accounts would seem to show that such is the case.

An author who has reaped £44 as the reward of a first successful book may decide that novel writing is not worth much as a trade; but on second reflection he may console himself by the thought that it is open to him to publish his future works as serials in magazines, and to sell their copyrights for lump sums afterwards. Meanwhile, the best thing he can do for the present is to warn other young writers of his acquaintance not to pitch too high hopes on a first book. The above, of course, is not intended to apply to those writers who have been so fortunate as to hit the popular taste. It is rather intended for the careful consideration of literary tyros.

The first fourteen numbers of this paper, containing the account written by the popular American authoress, Miss Bisland, of her wonderful journey "Round the World in Seventy-six Days," can be obtained for 1s. 2d., or post-free 1s. 6d.

A SERVANT boasts that her mistress is so rich that "all her flannel petticoats are made of silk."

A YANKEE paper mentions the case of a near-sighted hen which mistook sawdust for Indian meal, and ate heartily thereof, then laid a nest full of wooden knobs, and in three weeks hatched out a set of parlour furniture.

A LITTLE lad who had some teeth extracted was comforted by the dentist by the assurance that they would come again. With an eye to the immediate future, the urchin inquired: "Will they come again before dinner?"

"But," Bertha, it was only last month that I paid a dressmaker's bill of £12, and here is another this month for £10."

"Well, dear Edgar, that shows, you see, that I am beginning to spend less."

LORD NODDLES: "Aw, I say, captain, what is that land we see oval there?"

Captain: "That is Australia, my lord."

Lord Noddles: "Ye don't say. I thought Australia was a larger country than that."

"I DON'T want mother to marry again," said a boy one day at breakfast.

"Why not?" was asked, with some surprise.

"Because," said he, "I've had one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting to know another."

BLOTTING-PAPER was discovered in 1455. Previously to that, when a man dropped a splotch of ink on the lower left-hand corner of his paper, he would give it a flick towards the right-hand corner with his tongue, and make a better picture of the last comet than any that has yet appeared in the illustrated papers.

LITTLE BOY (at the front door): "Is the doctor in? 'Cause if he is, I want to see him at once."

Servant: "He's not in."

"Well, just as soon as he gets home you tell him to come over to our house and take that baby off he left last week. It's in the way."

WIFE: "What makes you so late to-night, dear?"

Husband (with indignation): "I've been arrested."

Wife: "Arrested?"

Husband: "Yes. I bought an umbrella to-day, and marked on it 'Stolen from H. Smirk.' The first policeman I met arrested me. I told him my name was Smirk, but he wouldn't believe me."

THIS was a delicate compliment a seven-year-old boy paid his mother the other evening. The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make a good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother and said:

"Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

A SCIENTIST says: "The palaeozoic cockroaches are distinguished from living species by having five veins in the wings instead of four, and having a decided mesozoic aspect." This is highly important; but a woman when she sees one of these insects will not care whether it has five or fifteen veins in the wing. She will give a scream, draw her skirts tightly about her, and give the insect such a violent rap with an old shoe that it will have more of a mashed than a mesozoic aspect.

NOW YOU PROUD PAPAS.

The race for the First Child prize has often been so close that we have decided to divide the £5 we have given in the past to the parents of the child born soonest after publication of the paper, into five sums of £1 each, one of which will be given to the parents of each of the five living children who are, so far as we can ascertain, born soonest after the publication of this paper, which takes place at nine a.m. every Thursday.

Applications must be made by letter, and these on account of any one issue must reach us at the latest by first post on the Monday succeeding its publication. For example: Applications for this week's prizes must arrive before or by first delivery on Monday, November 10. Every application must be accompanied by a doctor's certificate, which mentions the exact time of the birth. Due inquiries will be made and results will appear in the following number but one.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

Are not noticed this week. The responses to the request we recently made to our readers for opinions regarding this page, have determined us to bring it out only once a month in future. Many seem to have appreciated it very much but very many more give a most decided vote for its discontinuance. In future, therefore, BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ will appear in the first issue of each month only, and then under a new form, which we believe will be more popular than that which the page has assumed in the past.

There seems to be a widespread desire among our readers for

A PRIZE STORY,

and we propose to meet this by offering every week a PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS to the sender of the best story received.

We strive for originality in this paper, but in order that all readers may have a chance of gaining this sum, stories sent in competition may be either original or selected. Their length should not exceed three columns of this paper or three thousand words. The source of each selected piece sent in must be plainly stated, and on each competition the name and address of the sender must be legibly written.

No use whatever will be made of unsuccessful competitions, unless, indeed, we think fit to publish original matter received at ordinary rates. Any one person may send any number of stories the same week. Envelopes containing competitions should be marked "Prize Story" in the top left-hand corner. Competitions may be sent any day. Each week's selections will be made from the stories received between Monday and Saturday. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe custody of competitions, though every endeavour will be made to return unsuccessful ones with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. Those not accompanied by stamped envelopes will be destroyed. The first Prize Story will appear in issue dated Nov. 22nd.

FAMOUS FEEDS.

THE great feast which will be held at the Guildhall on Monday next gives interest to the following particulars of feasts of former days.

At the installation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Edward IV., the Right Reverend Primate gave a feast, at which were consumed 104 oxen, 804 calves, 806 swine, 1,000 sheep, and 2,000 pigs; 104 peacocks, 400 swans, 1,000 capons, 2,000 geese, 5,600 venison pasties, and 5,000 custards. There were also consumed 800 quarters of wheat, 300 tuns of ale, and 100 tuns of wine.

At the dinner given by Henry of Winchester, at the nuptials of his sister-in-law with Prince Richard, celebrated at Westminster, November 28, 1248, there were no less than 80,000 dishes.

In the reign of Edward IV., the Earl of Warwick's brother gave a feast, upon being installed Archbishop of York. At this were consumed 80 fat oxen, 6 wild bulls, 200 kids, 800 hogs, 800 calves, 800 pigs, 1,000 wethers, 4,000 rabbits, 100 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 pheasants, 400 plovers, 600 partridges, 2,000 chickens, 2,000 woodcocks, 8,000 geese, 8,000 capons, 4,000 ducks, and 4,000 pigeons; 400 bucks, does, and roebucks; 1,500 hot venison pasties, and 4,000 cold ones; 800 pike, 800 bream, four porpoises, and 8 seals; 400 tarts, 1,000 dishes of jelly parted, 4,000 dishes of plain jelly, 6,000 custards, 800 quarters of wheat, washed down with a pipe of spiced wine, 850 tuns of ale, and 104 pipes of wine.

When William of Rosenberg married Mary, Margravine of Baden, the guests at the marriage festivities disposed of 40 tuns of Spanish wine, 1,100 setiers of Austrian, Rhenish, and Tyrolean wine, besides vast quantities of inferior liquors. The festivities lasted from January 26, 1878, to the first of May, during which time there were consumed 150 oxen, 450 sheep, 546 calves, and 684 hogs; 80 heathcocks, 240 pheasants, 2,050 partridges, and 2,180 hares. Besides these, there were 120 pieces of other game and 40 stags. Of poultry, there were 8,106 capons and pullets, with 5,185 geese, garnished with 80,997 eggs. The fish consumed were 675 lampreys, 6,080 trout, 1,820 carp, and 10,209 pike, besides 350 tails of stock-fish, 2,600 lobsters, and 7,096 dried fish of different descriptions.

When the Duke of Orleans entertained Louis XV., after his coronation, the victuals consumed at the chateau of Villers Cotterets were.—8,071lbs. of ham; 10,550lbs. of bacon and hog's lard; 29,045 head of poultry and game; 100,809lbs. of butcher's meat; 5,806 pounds worth of fish; 150,098lbs. of bread; 88,464 eggs, and 6,860lbs. of butter; 800 bottles of old hock; 200 hogheads of common wine; 80,000 bottles of burgundy and champagne; 2,000 bottles of liqueurs; 800 pomegranates; 2,000lbs. of sugar plums; 15,000lbs. of sweetmeats; 65,000 oranges and lemons; and 150,000lbs. of apples and pears; 1,500lbs. of chocolate, 2,000lbs. of coffee, and 8,000lbs. of sugar. In serving the above 900 dozens of napkins and 8,800 tablecloths were provided. There were also 20,000 crystal dishes, 115,000 glasses and decanters, with 50,000 plates, dishes, tureens, and other pieces of silver.

A PROFESSIONAL TATTOOER'S EARNINGS.

A HONG KONG correspondent gives an account of a Japanese who has lately set up in that colony as a professional tattooer of pictures and designs on the body. In a room decorated with fans, hanging pictures, and scrolls, the visitor or patient is received. Sample-books are first produced for inspection and selection; they are filled with coloured drawings of dragons, birds, insects, and scenes—comic and serious. At the bottom is written the cost of tattooing each, the prices varying from about 12s. for three butterflies to £20 for an elaborate group.

The operator himself is tattooed all over his body with groups of flowers here, the conventional Japanese girl's head there; a female figure with long flowing robes winds round one arm from the shoulder to the wrist, while on the other is a dragon, with every scale carefully shaded. On the breast is a picture of the god of storms, with inscriptions in Japanese characters, and similar representations all over the body, the hands alone being free.

The apparatus consists merely of a small box containing a slab of black Chinese ink, some vermilion and dark-red powders, and a drawerful of penholders, on the ends of which are fixed tiny bunches of needles, numbering from three to fifty. The customer chooses his design from the pattern-books, the operator draws it on the part desired, and then with a large bunch of needles for the heavy black, and a small one for the fine lines, the colours are punctured in. No blood is drawn, and the pain is very little.

A dragon, which would be tattooed for £4, takes five hours to do, on account of the number of scales. The part is then rubbed with vaseline to allay the inflammation, and in a day or two the skin comes off. After that the marks are indelible.

The Hong Kong operator has tattooed the arm of an English Prince, and in Kioto was engaged for a whole month reproducing on the trunk and limbs of an English peer a series of scenes from Japanese history. For this he was paid about £100. He has also tattooed English ladies, and seems to be especially proud of one picture, which was a tiny fan about the size of a halfpenny, on which was a complete landscape with figures well defined. His income from tattooing in Hong Kong is about £1,200 per annum.

LEGACIES TO ANIMALS.

LEGACIES to animals are by no means uncommon, nor are they unnatural. There is gratitude as well as humanity in the desire a person has that the favourite horse, dog, cat, or bird shall be properly cared for when its owner passes away. It happens, however, that many bequests of this kind involve curious conditions, and are therefore classed amongst the oddities of wills.

Not that such bequests are altogether laughable. Many of them are undoubtedly comical; but there are others which claim notice because of the consideration they manifest for services rendered by the creatures concerned, and because of the touching way in which the memorial for such services is secured.

Of this class is the will made by Mr. Berkey, of Knightsbridge, who died in 1805, leaving a pension of £25 a year to four dogs. This was done by the testator because, as he used to say, men assailed his life but a dog preserved it. Mr. Berkey had on one occasion been travelling in Italy, when he was attacked by brigands, and would probably have been killed had not his dog come to the rescue. This dog died before its owner, but it left four descendants, and it was upon them the annuity was bestowed.

So far the arrangement was simply that of a man on whose mind the fidelity of a favourite hound had made an unusually strong impression; but that the impression had reached the point of absolute foolishness was seen rather during the life than after the death of the testator. He made the pups his friends, and sought no better society; and when his end approached he had the animals brought to his bedside, that one by one he might bid them farewell.

His annuity to the dogs was but a trifle compared with the two hundred guineas a year the widow, Elizabeth Orley Hunter, of London, left to her parrot, which had been "her faithful companion for twenty-four years." Mrs. Hunter had evidently obtained legal help to draw up the bequest, so carefully was it guarded against possible fraud or misappropriation of the trust.

Thus the parrot was to have its identity established twice a year, and all payments were to cease upon non-production of the bird. It was provided also that if any substituted parrot was produced in the event of the death of the original, action was to be taken by the heirs and executors of the will against "whoever could be base enough to do so."

A friend, also a widow, was named as the first custodian of the bird, and this lady was authorised to will and bequeath parrot and annuity to whomsoever she pleased, "provided that person is neither a servant nor a man." The bird was always to pass into the charge of "some respectable female." Mrs. Hunter evidently knew that parrots are long-lived.

It was ordered further that the sum of twenty guineas should be given to the first caretaker, to be by her expended "on a very high, long, and large cage for the aforesaid parrot." The parrot was not to be taken out of England, and any person benefiting from the estate who should put a hindrance in the way of the payment of the annuity to the bird was to forfeit all claim under the will.

A citizen of Copenhagen saved all trouble and expense by directing that his carriage horses, great favourites, should not be allowed to outlive him, but should be shot dead to prevent their falling into a lower estate, and possibly into the possession of a cruel master.

A French lady made a will in which she bitterly attacked her son-in-law and other relatives, and showed she had more regard for brutes than human beings by making liberal provision for her cats. So long as two cats lived they were to receive a certain sum each month, the amount to be reduced by one-half on one of the cats dying.

The cats were to have twice a day meat soup of the quality usually served at the table; "but they must be given it separately, each having its own saucer." The bread was not to be put into the soup after the French style, "but cut up into pieces about the size of hazel-nuts, or they cannot eat it."

It was ordered further that when boiled beef was put into the pot with the soaked bread some thin slices of raw meat were to be put in as well, and the whole stewed till fit for eating.

In another instance—an English one—the bequest was not to be reduced as the animals died off, but to go on in increasing amounts to the survivors. There was left "to my monkey, my dear amusing Jackoo, the sum of £10 sterling, to be enjoyed by him during his life," and to be expended solely in his keep. Half of this sum was thought enough "for my faithful dog Shock," and "my beloved cat Tib," to be paid as yearly pensions.

But "in the event of the death of one of the aforesaid legatees, the sum due to him shall pass to the two survivors, and on the death of one of these to the last, be he who he may." And then, "after the decease of all parties," but not till then, the sum left was to pass to a daughter, "to whom I show this preference above all my children, because she has a large family, and finds a difficulty in filling their mouths and educating them."

There is more sense in the bequests that are occasionally made in support of institutions for the care and treatment of animals, and we know that some animals, as in the case of the notable Junbo, have been made the recipients of curious and extravagant gifts.

A stranger mode of providing in a wholesale way for animals was never devised than that laid down in the will of a native of Columbus, Ohio, for the establishment of a cat infirmary. This individual not only left money for the purpose, but plans and specifications. The infirmary was to be an institution in which the cats, after recovering from illness, were to be cared for in the convalescent stage, and it was to possess a training-school in which the younger cats might get practice in mice-hunting, and the older ones in rat-killing.

Then there was to be a promenade, to which the cats were to have free access at all times, so that they might indulge without dread of boot-jacks, brickbats, flat-irons, or old boots in their choicest orchestral effects. And not only so, but the testator made provisions for the purchase of musical instruments to accompany the cats, the playing to be kept up night and day. These latter provisions would have upset such a will if the earlier clauses were not thought sufficient proof of sanity on the part of the testator.

A native of Toulouse, who made his chestnut horse his sole legatee, had his will disputed because of its apparent absurdity. There was a clause, however, directing to whom the horse should go, and the will was sustained. Otherwise it must have been nullified.

SHE gave him back his letters,

On which she fondly used to glance,

With many little trinkets,

And much bric-à-brac from France.

So she gave him back his letters,

And the interview was o'er;

And with utmost condescension

She dismissed him at the door.

So thus these two were parted,

While their love was in its spring;

She gave him back his letters,

But—she kept his diamond ring.

LAST week lightning struck a cornet player, knocking his instrument from his hands and melting it, but without seriously injuring the player. He afterwards confessed that he was just going to play "The Lost Chord." The fates are never wrong.

TO NEWSAGENTS.

We shall be very happy to send specimen copies to any newsagent who thinks that he can use them to advantage, also to post contents bills every week to any agent who will display them.

BLIGHTED AFFECTIONS.

THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.

From Her.

MY DARLING MARY,—He has proposed. No one could have been more surprised than I was when I heard him say in plain English that he wanted to marry me. It quite took my breath away, and I verily believe I blushed. At any rate, I know that for the moment I was utterly speechless. My silence and confusion only rendered him more desperate, and he plunged headlong into the most passionate declaration that it has ever been my lot to listen to.

I hope now that I have really come to the end of my troubles, and that I may look forward to ending my days in peace and happiness. I know that he has £8,000 a year, and some people say it is much more. But even £8,000 is enough to be happy on, is it not?

We had dined at Bristol with the Farquhars, and after dinner we went to some play or other. I cannot tell you which, for I felt it was coming all the evening, and I paid no attention to anyone but him.

After the play he drove me home, and then he asked me if he might come indoors, as he had something very important to say. He looked so solemn and ridiculous that I could scarcely keep my countenance as I gave him permission to do so. When he had been in the room ten minutes I was his affianced wife! Congratulate me on my cleverness, and ever believe me, your sincere friend,
AUGUSTA BOLTON-SMITH.

From Her.

MY DARLING MARY,—Already clouds are gathering in the distance, and I am not so happy as I was. He has been much less affectionate the last few days. How can you account for it? He has given me a lovely ring, and taken some of his mother's old diamonds to be reset at Hancock's, and I have told everyone, so there can be no loophole for him, can there?

But still, you would not believe how cold he has become. Suppose he cries off? What am I to do? I cannot sue him for breach of promise, like a barmaid, can I? And I cannot force him to marry me. I am doing all I can to hurry on the wedding, but the greater my haste the less his speed.

I cannot understand it. Do you think he proposed to me under the influence of champagne? It would be too dreadful to admit such a thing, and yet I can think of no other excuse for his present coolness.

I have not changed since that happy, delightful night when he told me that he loved me. I have neither had small-pox nor measles, and my disposition has become sweeter than ever.

Pray write and console me, and tell me that you think it will be all right. I have ordered all sorts of things on the strength of my engagement, and my tradespeople are, like Mr. Fezziwig, one substantial smile.—Yours very uneasily,
AUGUSTA BOLTON-SMITH.

From Him.

DEAR JACK,—No, Jack, your words have not come true. You said that my disappointment was only the natural reaction of my previous excitement, and that she would grow upon me by day, as she had done by night.

She does not grow upon me, and I am in despair. She loads me with presents, and is awfully loving and kind; but the more she gushes, the more I recoil.

If I have to run away to India or Africa, or to any of those far distant countries, which I now have an unconquerable desire to see, I know that I could never show my face in London again, and I am perfectly convinced that she would follow me to the remotest spot on earth, and hunt me out of the thickest jungle. Pray come back soon. I am utterly helpless in her hands, and I feel I cannot marry her.—Yours sincerely,
JIM GULLIFORD.

From Her.

MY DEAREST MARY,—Thanks for your dear, sweet sympathetic letter. I have taken your advice, and heaped presents upon him. I know they like to be flattered and made a fuss with, and, as you say, the more I spoil him the greater will be his difficulty in escaping from my clutches.

It is comforting to think that the presents will be paid for with his money. I have given him a cigar-case with his initials in diamonds and rubies, a walking-stick with his initials in diamonds and sapphires, and a writing-case with the corners bound in chased gold, and I haven't done yet. I have ordered a dressing-case which is to cost 200 guineas, and I am having a miniature painted of myself, which is to cost 150.

London tradespeople are so clever. They grasp the situation at once, and of course they all know that his money will pay them. The more I give him, however, the colder he becomes, and he has positively forbidden me to give him anything else.

Of course I shall not pay the slightest attention to this. I tell him that it is my only pleasure, etc., but it is very hard work having to do all the love-making myself, especially when you thoroughly dislike the person, and there are moments when I feel I could murder him.

He has not called to-day, although I have been at home since two waiting for him, with all the blinds drawn down. I am now going to write to him to know

the reason of his neglect. Excuse the scrawl as I am writing in the dark, and in a great hurry.—Your ever loving,
AUGUSTA BOLTON-SMITH.

From Him.

DEAR JACK,—I am saved. Her affection was a myth, her love a fraud, and her presents were to be paid for with my own money. She wrote all this to Lady Mary, and by some special interposition of Providence put her letter into an envelope addressed to me.

It appears that she was writing in the dark, with all the blinds drawn down, as she had been expecting me all the afternoon, and, as I told you, she cannot face me in the daylight.

She complains to Lady Mary that she has had all the love-making to do, "which is very hard work when you thoroughly dislike the person," and there are moments when she could murder me.

What an amiable wife I have escaped. Pray congratulate me, for I need not tell you that we are once more free, and that if there are any regrets they are not on my side.—Yours, joyfully,
JIM GULLIFORD.

From Her.

MY DEAREST MARY,—Yes, darling, it is all over. The moment I received your telegram telling me that I had sent you the wrong letter I knew it must be. Of course, yours went to him, and it was dreadfully compromising. I had written that I could "murder him," etc., etc.

Of course, he had no right to read it, but he did, and then returned it to me, with a most sarcastic letter, saying that he was sorry that he had aroused murderous instincts in me, and that as I "thoroughly disliked him" (I had put that, too), I was to consider myself free, and he returned me my presents.

I am thankful to add that he accompanied them with a cheque for £500, with which to pay for them, but what am I to do with a walking stick and a cigar-case? Perhaps Abrahams will change them for some diamond stars; but we can discuss that when I see you to-morrow, and we will also agree as to the folly of ever committing one's thoughts to paper.—Your over loving,
AUGUSTA.

FORTUNES UNDER THE SEA.

Few persons can form the smallest conception of the vastness of the treasures which the sea has entombed. A notable case is that of *L'Orient*, a line-of-battle ship, blown up by Nelson at the Battle of the Nile.

L'Orient is stated to have had on board specie of the value of no less than £600,000, besides other treasure, the spoil of a raid on a Roman Catholic Cathedral at Valetta, and an immense quantity of other valuables. The vessel had been dispatched with money to Bonaparte, to pay the arrears due to the French forces.

A parallel case to that of *L'Orient* is that of the *La Lutine*, a war-ship of thirty-two guns, wrecked off the coast of Holland in 1799. This vessel sailed from the Yarmouth Roads on October 9 of that year, with an immense quantity of treasure for the Texel. In the course of the day it came on to blow a heavy gale; the vessel was lost and went to pieces. Salvage operations during eighteen months resulted in the recovery of £80,000 in specie.

In 1814 further attempts were made to get at the wreck, which had become deeply imbedded in the sand, but with very indifferent success, the result of seven years' toil (1814-1821) being the recovery of only a few pieces of silver. In 1822 several thousand pounds were spent in diving operations, but the result was absolutely nil. From 1822 to 1857 spasmodic and unsuccessful efforts were made to fish up further specie.

In 1857 a further agreement was entered into between the Dutch Government and Lloyd's, and from 1857 to 1861 (sixty years after the wreck had taken place) great good fortune attended the efforts of the searchers, about £25,000 being the amount of Lloyd's share. Some interesting relics were also found, including part of the ship's rudder and her bell.

In 1871 the Society of Lloyd's obtained a special Act of Parliament for the purpose (among other things) of applying the said sum of £25,000 towards further salvage operations. These efforts appear to have been further successful, for only two years since a gun was brought up and presented to the City Corporation. It is predicted that should the bed of sand now covering the wreck be shifted in a storm, the salvage operations could be continued much more successfully.

Another remarkable case of recovery of specie is recorded in 1806, when sixty-two chests of dollars of the value of about £70,000 were fished up by means of a diving-bell from the *Abergareeny*, sunk some years previously at Weymouth.

Great efforts have been made to find the wreck of the British frigate *De Broek*, lost in a storm off Lewis, U.S.A., in 1798, having on board no less than £240,000 worth of specie and jewels, taken from an intercepted Spanish fleet while on her voyage to Halifax, and two hundred prisoners. The latter were in irons on the lower decks when the vessel foundered, and all were lost.

It would scarcely be believed that valuables have been recovered nearly two hundred and forty years from the date of a wreck. It is recorded that the good ship

Harleem, which was driven ashore in Table Bay, in May, 1648, and became a total wreck, had on board many cases full of curiosities and antiquities for sale to European museums. These cases contained idols, rare china, glass, silver, etc. As lately as 1888, salvage operations were rewarded by the recovery of several of these articles. The china was not at all injured by having been two hundred and thirty-five years under the sea, but the silver articles had suffered considerably.

Another very notable case is that of the *Thetis*, a British frigate, wrecked off the coast of Brazil in 1680, with £162,000 in bullion on board. The hull went to pieces, leaving the treasure at the bottom. The Admiral of the Brazil station and the captains and crews of four sloops-of-war were engaged for eighteen months in recovering it. The service was attended with great skill, labour and danger, and four lives were lost.

One of the most recent cases of successful salvage operations is that of the Spanish mail steamer, *Alfonso XII.*, bound from Cadiz to Havana, in February, 1885, and sunk off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in twenty-five fathoms of water. She had on board treasure valued at £100,000. The underwriters who had insured the vessels organised a salvage expedition, which was despatched to the scene of the wreck in the following May. It is reported that a few months later most of the specie was recovered.

"I THINK I will take a vacation the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof.

"But you returned from one only two weeks ago."

"True. That was my vacation as secretary; I wish to go now as treasurer."

Two fashionably-dressed young ladies were walking down the street, one on either side of a young gentleman extremely swell in attire, and equally meagre in proportions. A street Arab grinned at them, then remarked dryly, much to the discomfiture of the youth: "Ain't much ham in that sandwich."

In 1888 a boy of ten picked up a purse containing 10 francs, and took it to the Police Office of Maisons-Laffitte, near Paris. It being still unclaimed at the end of a year, the lad was written to and informed that he was entitled to the purse, which was handed to him upon his giving a receipt for the sum. The boy soon spent the money, and thought no more about it. Last week, after two years had elapsed, he received a letter from the revenue-collector, calling upon him to pay a fine of 62 francs, for non-compliance with the Act of August 23, 1871, requiring a penny stamp on all receipts for 10 francs and upwards. It was added that unless he paid the fine within a week he would be proceeded against. The boy's parents will have to pay.

THE MOST LIBERAL RAILWAY INSURANCE EVER OFFERED.

Any number of claims made in one week recognised.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or the page of such copy containing this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line at the foot of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CO., LIMITED, Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C.,

and a further sum of £500 will be paid by the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Book-stalls on Thursday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Thursday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

A Cheap Custard. One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs, sweeten and flavour to taste.

Potato Water. The water in which potatoes have been boiled is much recommended for sponging dirt out of silk.—(Reply to MAUD.)

To Keep Cheese from Moulding. Rub the cut part with butter, or cover the cut with jam paper. Above all, keep the cheese dry.

Apple Fritters. Make a batter of one pint of milk, two eggs, and flour enough, out do not make it too stiff; add four sharp apples chopped fine; fry in lard, and serve with powdered sugar sprinkled over them.—(Reply to C. S.)

Browning for Sauces. The quickest and most economical way of making this is to put some coarse brown sugar in an old flat tin on the stove until it burns, and then, when quite black, put some into the sauce you are making.—(Reply to SAUCY MAN.)

How to Remove Glycerine Stain from Carpet. Pour some moderately hot water over the stained part, and, when this has run through the carpet, rub the part well with a clean, damp flannel, which must be frequently washed in warm water. Dry by well rubbing with a clean, rough cloth.—(Reply to RITA.)

Yorkshire Tea Cakes. Rub 6oz. of butter into 2lbs. of fine flour, add two eggs well beaten, one pint of milk, and 1oz. of German yeast. Knead well, put into a bowl, cover with a cloth, and set before the fire to rise. When it commences to crack, divide it into cakes, roll them up lightly, let them rise before the fire a few minutes, and bake for thirty minutes.

To Keep Books from Mould. A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the odour of the birch tan, never moulds, and merchants suffer large sales of this article to lie in the London docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.—(Reply to EDINA.)

Scouse. Take cooked or uncooked scraps of meat which can be obtained—cut them into very small pieces, and put them into a stewpan with the bones chopped, pepper and salt, a good quantity of sliced onions, double the quantity of raw potatoes, and cold water to cover! Simmer gently for about three hours, remove the bones and serve the scouse very hot. This is perhaps the most profitable way of using up cold meat which can be adopted.

A Simple Fire Escape. A piece of rope long enough to reach the ground, with a strong hook on one end to let down a basket, and a U shaped piece of iron on the other end to catch it on the window sill, would save a whole family in case of fire. Why does not every household provide all under his roof who sleep above the first floor with this cheap and sure means of saving life? Anyone can afford this simple contrivance.

Cold Feet. The following simple remedy for cold feet I have found remarkably successful:—When retiring at night have in your room two small baths. Fill one with quite cold water, and the other with water as hot as you can bear your feet in. Soak your feet in the hot water, and on taking them out plunge them immediately into the cold. Repeat this several times, finishing with the cold, and dry thoroughly with a rough towel.—(Reply to LOANA DOONE.)

Cake without Yeast or Eggs. One pound and six ounces butter, half a pound sugar, quarter pound currants, one and half pound candied peel, one third ounce carbonate of soda, one pint warm milk. These ingredients to be mixed, with the exception of the milk and soda, which must be put together and added immediately before going into a brisk oven. It will require an hour and three-quarters if all is baked in one tin. Half makes a good-sized cake.

A New Way to Use Up Cold Roast Pork. Cold roast pork, cut into small slices, dusted with flour, and seasoned with pepper and salt, may be heated in a sauce made as follows:—Simmer in a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of minced onion, a wineglassful of vinegar, two cloves, a blade of mace, and a bay-leaf. When the vinegar is about half evaporated, remove the seasonings, add half a pint of hot broth or water, and then the pork. When this has simmered for about ten minutes, it is ready for serving. A small quantity of mustard may be added to the sauce if desired.

Salmon Cooked in a Mould. To make a pretty supper-dish take 1lb. of fresh salmon (or tinned salmon will do very nicely), skin it, and fit it into a mould, filling up the crevices with fresh butter; season it well with pepper and salt, cover your mould, and boil it for one hour.

Savoury Toasts. Cut some slices of bread free from crust, about half an inch thick, and two inches and a half square; butter the tops thickly, spread a little mustard on them, and then cover them with a deep layer of grated cheese and ham seasoned rather highly with cayenne; fry them in butter but do not turn them in the pan; lift out and place them in a Dutch oven for four minutes to dissolve the cheese; serve very hot.

How to Brighten Tarnished Brass. An acid that will brighten tarnished brass by simply dipping the brass into the liquid and then rinsing it in water, is made as follows:—A bath composed of nitric acid mixed with an equal volume of water is used. The brass must not remain more than a few moments in the mixture, and should be well rinsed in running water immediately after removing from the acid.—(Reply to G. G.)

Welsh Rarebit. For five persons take one pound of cheese; it should be a mild cheese, as the flavour seems much stronger when it is heated. Grate and place it in a porcelain saucepan; add enough ale to moisten the cheese; about five wine-glasses would be the proper proportion for a pound of it. Stir constantly until it is melted. Have five slices of toast on five plates, and cover each slice with the cheese. This should be sent to table the moment it is done.—(Reply to D. E. R.)

Hot-Pot. Into a deep earthenware pie-dish put a layer of raw potatoes peeled and sliced, next a layer of beefsteak and kidney, then a layer of sliced onions, repeating until the dish is nearly full. Then cover with potatoes cut into halves only, and fill the dish with nice stock or gravy seasoned to taste. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for two hours, when the cover should be removed for the potatoes to brown, which will be the case in half an hour or so if they are covered with bits of butter.

Haricot and Lentil Soup. Pick and clean half a pound of lentils and soak over night, also soak half a pound of haricot beans (large size is best). Next day skin the beans, put on a pot with about five quarts of water; when boiling, put in three-quarters of a pound of mutton, then your prepared beans and lentils, seasoning, including turpin, carrot, parsley, leek, with a little celery; when celery cannot be had use half a pound of onions; put in one hour after the mutton; if less mutton is wanted, put in a pennyworth of vermicelli. Boil from two and a half to three hours.

Black Currant Lozenges. To prepare these, mix two ounces of sugar with half-a-pint of black currant juice, which may be expressed from jam by passing it through a hair sieve; place in an enamelled saucepan, add a tablespoonful of dissolved isinglass, and simmer for forty-five minutes. Pour the mixture over small plates in layers about the eighth of an inch in thickness, and let these plates be kept in a cool oven, or any warm place, until the mixture is dry and hard; then take it off, keep it in a tin box with a sheet of paper between each layer, and stamp into shapes as required. These lozenges are very palatable, and excellent for coughs, colds, and sore throats.

If You are in Need of a Restorative you should try "Coleman's Liebig's Extract of Meat and Malt Wine." It is a compound of port, Liebig's extract of meat, and malt extract, articles of which the invigorating and restorative powers are too well known to need any recommendation. They are blended in proper proportions, and so skillfully that the peculiar flavours of the extracts of meat and malt simply serve to give a piquancy to that of the wine. Those people who dislike the taste of extract of meat and malt extract will find this a very agreeable way of taking them. The restorative powers of the mixture are spoken of in the highest terms by the medical faculty.—(Reply to BONNIE.)

How to Have a Clear Skin. Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax. Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it. Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off. Don't rub your face with a coarse towel, but treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately. Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one. Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead, give your face a Russian bath every night—that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water, that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles.—(Reply to LULY OF THE VALLEY.)

To Prevent Silver Tarnishing. Silver ware grows dark and tarnishes in a very short time when exposed to the air, or when put in a damp place. This is especially the case where coal is used in the house, as the sulphur in the coal liberated by the heat is sure to stain all the silver within reach. This tarnishing can be prevented by painting the silver ware with a soft brush dipped in alcohol, in which some collodion has been dissolved. The liquid dries immediately, and forms a thin, transparent, and absolutely invisible coating upon the silver, which completely protects it from the atmosphere. It can be removed at any time by dipping the article in hot water.—(Reply to M. E. J.)

Never do these Things. Never make tea in a tin pot. The tannin, which is acid, attacks the tin and produces a poison. Never use water which has stood in a lead pipe over night. Not less than a bucketful should be allowed to run. Never use water from a stone reservoir for cooking purposes. Never allow fresh meat to remain in paper; it absorbs the juices. Never keep vinegar or yeast in stone jugs; their acid attacks the glazing, which is said to be poisonous. Glass for either is better. All cooking utensils, including iron pots, should be rinsed after washing, and carefully wiped on the inside with a clean, dry cloth. A soapy or greasy dishcloth should never be used for the purpose.

Apple Charlotte Pudding. Get a plain tin mould, either oval or round, put pieces of broken bread into clarified butter, and line the mould completely, making one piece overlap another so that there are no holes through which the apple can escape. Bake some apples in a greased dish, without water, till quite soft, beat to pulp, sweeten, and fill the mould. Cover the pudding with a round of stale bread dipped in butter, lay a plate on the top, and bake in a good oven until the bread is brightly brown. Turn on to a hot dish, and serve hot with milk. Other fruits may be used instead of apples for a pudding of this description, but it must be remembered that the pulp should be stiff, not watery.

A few Useful Hints. Remove spots from furniture with paraffin. Stove polish mixed with vinegar and a bit of sugar will shine easier. The best way when hot grease has been spilled on the floor is to dash cold water over it, so as to harden it quickly, and prevent it striking into the boards. Lamp oil well rubbed in will remove the white spots on tables caused by hot plates. To preserve the elasticity of indiarubber, wash it five or six times a year with slightly alkaline water. If brooms are dipped for a minute or two in a kettle of boiling suds once a week they will last much longer. It makes them tough, but pliable, and a carpet is not worn half so much by sweeping with a broom cared for in this manner.

To Preserve Celery Through the Winter. Gather the celery on a fine dry day before it is injured by the frost, cut off the leaves and the roots, and lay it in a dry, airy place for a few days till it is partially dried, and then remove it to a cool cellar, where it will be quite secure from the frost, and pack it up in sand, putting layers of celery and sand alternately. **Celery Salad.** Take the inner and tenderest stalks of three heads of celery, cut them into strips an inch long, and the thickness of young French beans. Rub the salad-bowl slightly with shalot. Mix the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of tarragon vinegar, a little flour of mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Add the celery to this sauce, turn it over well, and garnish with the hard-boiled whites.—(Replies to C. D. and BRUNO.)

The Medical Use of Hot Water. There is no such general application, and none so easily obtainable, as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin wrung out of hot water and applied round the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and quickly wrung out of hot water and applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have known cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton waste dipped in hot water and kept applied to sores and cuts, bruises, and sprains is the treatment adopted in many hospitals. A sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from a height of a few feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bed time is the best cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate many cases of dyspepsia.

Isobel



NELSON HOPE

Confirms his Cure after Two Years Severe Test.
50, Hook Road, Tidal Basin, Royal Victoria Dock, London, East,
May 24th, 1890.

J. A. Sherman, 64, Chancery Lane.
Dear Sir,—It gives me unbounded pleasure to be able to report that the cure of my rupture, effected by your treatment is permanent. Were it otherwise, from the severe trials I have to undergo at times as a member of the Fire Brigade, I certainly would have felt it during the past two years; but thanks to your skill, I have been and am as robust and healthy as I ever was in my life. For several years previous to taking your treatment, while subject to the use of trusses, I was despondent, and most of the time miserable. The contrast between now and then is wonderful. I have answered many letters from suffering inquirers, hoping they would attain an equal blessing from your treatment. I shall ever bless the day I had the good fortune to seek your aid. Wishing you long life,
I remain, your grateful patient,
NELSON HOPE.

Mr. JOHN MOLINEUX.

Nearly 30 years a sufferer from Rupture, writes:—
8, Bracewell Street, Nelson, near Burnley, Lancashire, August 15th, 1889.
J. A. Sherman, 64, Chancery Lane, London.
Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to join the English testimonials in favour of your method for rupture. By reference to your case-book you will see that I received your treatment on the 5th May last, for double rupture, and I am very happy to say that I have never felt or seen anything of it since. I know this is something wonderful, considering my age, which is forty-six last May, and never knowing what it was to be any way else than ruptured on my left side, and over six years on my right, and consequently never was able to enjoy life before I received your aid. Without interruption, I have been able to follow my work ever since, for which I most sincerely thank you. In conclusion, I am glad to be able to recommend your treatment to anyone afflicted as I was.—Yours truly,
JOHN MOLINEUX.

THOMAS WILLIAMS writes:—

Kinnerton Green, W. Broughton, Flintshire, April 23, 1890.
J. A. Sherman, 64, Chancery Lane London.
Dear Sir,—You will see by your books that I took your treatment for

double rupture in January last. I am going on first-rate—do not feel anything of my right side and only a little weak on the left, but I am sure they will be all right shortly.

I would to God that all who suffer from rupture knew about you, and could receive your treatment.

Kindly send me another bottle of your compound, and believe me yours truly,

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams is a platelayer on the L. and N. W. Railway, and has been ruptured sixteen years. He is forty-eight years of age, and happily realises the truth of what he writes.

Mr. JOYCE WRITES AN INQUIRER.

44, Farnsett Road, Sheffield, Nov. 29, 1888.
Dear Sir,—Your letter has been forwarded to me from Spalding. What you read about in J. A. Sherman's book is all true. You can go to him without any fear, and never regret it as long as you live.

HENRY JOYCE.



C. H. HOPKIN.

His Statement—Ruptured 19 Years.

80, Mason Street, Hull, 21st March, 1890.
J. A. Sherman, 64, Chancery Lane.
Dear Sir,—It is nine months since I commenced your treatment for a right-sided Hernia or Rupture; and with implicitly following out your instructions with the use of your ingenious and safe appliance, and also applying your Curative Rupture Compound, under the Divine blessing, have, I fully believe, worked a perfect cure. God reward you—I cannot. My rupture was caused by an injury I received while at school in 1870, and which, though small at first, was gradually and surely undermining my constitution. Unless I was in absolute need, and even then, I don't think I would accept of any amount to have to live in the state I was before I saw the way into your office—a life-long benefit to me. I must acknowledge the great improvement in my general health and strength since I was put

under your treatment; and the least I can do would be to strongly urge every suffering ruptured person to go at once to you and fear nothing.—
Your grateful patient,
C. H. HOPKIN.



W. GOULT.

A Remarkable Case.—His Statement.

140, Whitechapel Road, E., London, February 23rd, 1890.
J. A. Sherman, 64, Chancery Lane.
Dear Sir,—I am glad to be able to add my testimony to the many others in acknowledgment of the gratitude I feel towards God and you for the benefit I have received under your skillful treatment of my case. When I came to you I was in a dreadful state, being badly ruptured on both sides, more especially the right side. Time and again during the past few years I have had to crawl upstairs and throw myself on the floor, and there lie for hours doubled up like a hedgehog in dreadful agony, and frequently when I was most needed in my business, that being a refreshment-house keeper, which requires my personal attention, as we have hundreds to provide for daily. As I told you when I applied to you, I have been ruptured about thirty years, and of late years been a terrible sufferer, both in mind and body. I saw my business falling off through my inability to attend to it properly; but, what was worse, my dear wife was so much overtaken with the business, her health was fast failing, and I saw nothing but ruin before me. I had become so disheartened in my failure to get relief that I had no faith in anything advertised, until I happily saw the statements in the *Christian Globe* of Mr. James and Mr. Budd having been cured by your method. Then, and not till then, did I feel hopeful of finding relief; my wife also felt hopeful, and earnestly urged me to go and see you. When I applied to you you showed me Mr. Budd's photograph, which I found my case much resembled, and from the day I took your treatment I began to improve every day, was soon enabled to give my business the attention it required, and now, to my astonishment, feel as though I am wholly cured. The difference is so great that those who know me say I am a wonder.
When one receives benefit in a matter like rupture, I think it is a duty to sufferers to make it publicly known. Anyone interested can see me daily at my place of business and judge for themselves. I will be glad to give any further information in regard to your treatment and the truth of what I have now written. I hope God may spare your life, that suffering humanity may for years to come be blessed through the use of your skill in the treatment of this dreadful malady.—From your ever grateful patient,
W. GOULT.

BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC LIKENESSES of English Cases before and after treatment, with statements of the respective cases for the benefit of rupture sufferers, giving indisputable proof of the efficacy of the SHERMAN METHOD. Post free, 1s. 3d.; Plain Book, 6d. J. A. SHERMAN, Hernial Specialist, 64, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

EASY INDOOR WORK. OVER £3,000 HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID!

PAIN'S GRAND WEEKLY COMPETITIONS

FOR THE SEASON OF 1890-1.

Easy Biblical Competitions? Easy Enough for All!

EVENING WORK around the fire, which will be found both pleasant and instructive. All Competitions close on Tuesday each week.

Cash Prizes: £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, 20 at £1 each, and 30 at 10/- each (£100 in all) to be paid in full certain, no matter how few enter the Competition, to those counting most correctly the letter "F" in the 24 chapters of Joshua. Use the old authorised version Bible, and not the revised. Count all the letters together, both capital and small, of all sizes. No mistaking rules, as only those letters in the actual words of verses to count, and not headings of chapters or references. Simply count the letter "F" in the verses; thus it is a perfectly equal, fair, and easy working competition for all. All prizes given to those who count most correctly; they are given for best work, not by chance. Simply get an ordinary sheet of writing paper, and write very, very faintly, with pencil or ink, on the top of the paper first the words "£100 'F' Competition," your full name and address, and then the number you make in each of the 24 chapters, and total of all. Write on one side of your paper only. Enclose nothing but your list, 2/- Postal Order or 2/1 stamps, entrance fee, and 2d. stamps for all printed result in envelope, and post same as soon as possible, but not later than Monday, November 17th, as competition closes certain Tuesday, Nov. 18th. Printed result, containing Winners' full names and addresses, and the correct number in each chapter, will be posted every competitor positively not later than Tuesday, November 25th. Prizes come same day; thus you have only to wait a week to know the result after sending in your work. If entries permit, prizes are always largely increased. Pains' Competitions, but never decreased, no matter how many may enter. If several send the correct numbers, prizes will be added together and equally divided amongst those sending correct work. If no one counts correctly, then prizes will be given for the nearest correct work. Only one person from same address to enter this competition, without any help of any kind, and each to declare at the foot of their list, that they have done the entire work alone. Address letter: W. T. PAIN, "The Prizeries," 39, Queen Street, Folkestone, and 14, St. Michael's Street, Folkestone.

Cash prizes £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, and 20 at 10s. each (50 in all), to be paid in full, no matter how few send, to those counting most correctly the letter "B" in the 24 chapters of "Daniel." This Competition closes certain Tuesday, November 25th. Result to be posted

positively Tuesday, December 2nd, latest. Entrance fee, 1s. P.O. or 1s. 1d. stamps, and 2d. stamps for printed result. Other Rules and Conditions same as in "F" Competition above, except that Lists must be headed "£50 'B' Competition."

Cash Prizes: £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, 20 at £1 each, and 20 at 10s. each (£100 in all), to be paid in full, no matter how few send, to those counting most correctly the letter "G" in the 24 Chapters of Joshua. This Competition closes certain Tuesday, December 2nd. Result to be posted, positively, Tuesday, December 9th, latest. Entrance Fee, 2s., Postal Order or 2s. 1d. stamps, and 2d. stamps for printed result. Other Rules and Conditions same as in "F" Competition above, except that Lists must be headed "£100 'G' Competition."

£10,000 to be given away in Christmas Cards and Presents. 20,000 of Pains' annual 2/- boxes of 50 well-assorted choice Xmas Cards now ready. One sent by return post free to any address on receipt of 2/- Postal Order or 2/1 stamps. Cards all by best makers. Each box contains 2 cards value 4d. each, 2 at 3d., 8 at 2d., 20 at 1s., 18 at 1d., 50 cards in all, as usually sold in the single card way for 5/-. With each box is also presented a good useful 1/- purse, also a "Presentation Form" to enter, entirely free of charge (no entrance fee), one of Pains' £100 Easy for All Letter Counting Competitions, of counting the letter "A" in the 13 Chapters of "Hebrews." First Prize, a Bell American Organ, value 50 guineas, which has been purchased of the world-renowned makers, "The Bell American Organ and Piano Company, Limited," of 58, Holborn Viaduct, London, where the grand instrument is now on view, and can be seen by anyone. Numerous other prizes to over £100 value. The entrance fee to this Competition is really 2/-, but for the next seven days will be enclosed in each box of cards a coupon to enter this Competition entirely free, without payment of the entrance fee. Furthermore, on December 22nd, will be forwarded by rail to 100 purchasers of one of these boxes, 25 Prime Turkeys, 25 Big Xmas Hampers, 25 Fat Ducks, and 25 Fat Fowls. Get your Christmas Dinner for Nothing. Send for a box at once, and be one of Pains' "Turkey-Biters" of 1890. Address Letters: W. T. PAIN, "The Prizeries," 39, Queen Street, Folkestone, and 14, St. Michael's Street, Folkestone.

£50 FOR A FEW MINUTES' WORK.

£50 WILL be given to the person counting correctly the letter "A," both capital and small, in the first five chapters of the book of Job, headings of chapters and marginal references not to be counted. Use ordinary Version, not the Revised Edition. If more than one counts correctly the £50 will be divided equally between them. Give the number in each Chapter, and total of all.

30 HANDSOME PRESENTS

Will be distributed amongst those who enter this Competition. We do not say every competitor will get one of these free gifts, but we shall give twenty-five to the Ladies, and twenty-five to the Gentlemen. Each person entering the above competition must make an application for a present, and

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT!

The articles given, and the name and addresses of the receivers, will be published in the December issue of the Prize Herald. Send in your list, with application for present, enclosing P.O. for 1s. 6d., and three half-penny stamps for Prize Herald on or before Wednesday, Nov. 26th, as the Competition closes next day, to

W. PETERS, "Herald" Office, 17, Market Street, Kettering, Northamptonshire.

£20 for 6d.

EASY WORK FOR ALL.

We have already given away over £300.

£20 will be given to the person counting correctly the letter "R," both capital and small, in the first TWO Chapters of St. Mark, headings of chapters and marginal notes not to be counted. Give the number in each chapter, and total of all. Use the ordinary Bible, not the Revised Edition. If more than one counts correctly, the £20 will be equally divided between them.

A Sterling SILVER WATCH will be given to the person sending in the first correct list, also a SILVER WATCH for the nearest list. Send in your list as soon as you can, but not later than Wednesday, November 26th, as the competition closes next day. Entrance fee, Six Stamps, and three half-penny stamps for result, which will be sent December 2nd, together with full particulars of our grand Christmas competition, which will exceed anything ever yet offered. Address—

W. PETERS, "Herald" Office, 17, Market Street, KETTERING, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

PRIZES £70.

Two £10, Four £5, Four £3, Five £2, Eight £1.

Given to most correct counters. EASY TASK. Count number of Capital and Small letter E's in VERSES ONLY of Psalm 119. Old Version Bible. This amount given if 2,000 competitors enter; more or less in proportion. Perfectly fair and genuine. Ties divide. Send total with P.O. 1s. and stamped addressed envelope before Nov. 18, to L. R. STANTON, BRIDGEWATER STREET, OLDHAM. Result Nov. 22.

DANCING.—MR. MALVINA MOORE'S CLASSES at Bedford Hall, 1, High Street, Clapham, S.W., every Wednesday, and at the Effra Hall, Brixton, every Thursday evening. Juvenile Classes for Dancing and Calisthenics, 8.30 to 9 p.m.; fees 6s. Waits and Quadrille Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen, 9 to 11 p.m.; fees 15s. per course of 12 lessons. At the Town Hall, Streatham, every Friday evening, Juvenile Class, 8 to 9.30 p.m.; 10/6. Waits and Quadrille Class, 9 to 10 p.m.; 12/6 per course of 12 lessons. Schools attended Residence, 117, Milkwood Road, Horne Hill, S.E.

£5,000 to be given away. Do not miss this opportunity.—A MARVELLOUS OFFER.—We will forward to each reader of this paper, sending seven stamps, a copy of "How to make a Fortune." Any man, woman or child can earn from £1 to £100 in their leisure time, without any outlay whatever. This information is worth six times the price we ask. Hundreds have benefited by it. Send at once for a copy, post free, seven stamps.—Address—Proprietor, "Universal Circulator," Newland, Hull.

ECONOMIC FIRE OFFICE

(Limited).

Authorized Capital - - - £1,000,000
Subscribed Capital - - - 337,500
Paid-up Capital - - - 71,500
HEAD OFFICE: 26, OLD BROAD ST., LONDON, E.C.
Chairman:
SAMUEL S. LLOYD, Esq. (Director Lloyds Bank, Limited.)

MONSTER PRIZES!!!

25,000 value (£2,500, cash, and £2,000 goods) To be given away. Send 1s. 2d. (stamps) and solve Holloway's ***** £5 for solution, gift for every competitor, and all prizes described. R.M., Church Street, Great Missenden, Bucks. (Name Paper.)

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

A LITTLE DAUGHTER came to gladden the hearts of
SERGEANT AND Mrs. WM. KELLY,
49, PEABODY'S BUILDINGS,
GROSVENOR ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.,

at 9.30 on the morning of Thursday, October 23. No other reader informed us of an addition to his family circle at a time sooner after the publication of our last issue but one than this, and we have, therefore, forwarded Sergeant Kelly £5, for which his receipt is appended. As announced on page 251, this prize will be divided among the first five applicants in future.

Received from the Proprietors of "Pearson's Weekly" £5 on account of the birth of my daughter, which took place at 9.30 on the morning of Thursday, October 23, 1890. WM. KELLY.

LEONARD.—If you find you cannot get *Pearson's Weekly* where you get your other papers, why not get your other papers where you can get *Pearson's Weekly*? There is no reason why every newsagent should not keep the paper; most of them do.

THEO.—We wish that it were possible to do as you suggest. Surely, however, it must strike you that to prove the genuineness of the award, it is absolutely imperative that the names of the happy couple should be announced. We are afraid that many people would be sceptical as to our *bona-fides* in the matter if this were not done. One of the pair, at all events, need not mind much, for her name will very soon be changed. We believe that the number of ladies who would object to seeing their names published in such a harmless paper as this, when the process implies the receipt of a substantial income and a suitable partner, is strictly limited, while the gentleman who would thus be scared away from the chance of obtaining "A Pretty Wife with £100 a year" would be craven indeed.

A DISAPPOINTED COMPETITOR.—We sympathise with your feelings, but you should not let your disappointment induce you to stigmatise the Canvassing awards as "a swindle." Do you really think that, altogether apart from the moral aspect of the question, it would pay us to act fraudulently in a matter which involved the payment of only a couple of pounds? We hope that our innate honesty is sufficient to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence; but even if we were inclined to be so tricky as you are kind enough to insinuate that we are, prudence would forbid. The fraud would bring its own punishment, for such shady doings always come out. Your envelope bears a London post-mark. Why not call at Temple Chambers, and test for yourself the genuineness of the award. We keep the coupons of winners, and they are always open to inspection.

J. B.—Many thanks for the suggestion. Miners, however, are subjected to such tremendous risks that we fear we cannot adopt it.

E. C.—We asked the opinions of readers as to the insertion of a serial tale some time ago, and received such a great preponderance of replies to the negative, that we quite made up our mind not to publish one.

J. C. B.—Your contention is a very just one; but we have in mind a special prize for married readers, which will be announced as soon as the present scheme is settled.

E. S. C.—The paper with the smallest circulation in the world is one prepared exclusively for the perusal of the Emperor of Austria, of which but one copy is printed.

REFERRING to last week's article, "S. A." points out that, though London fogs may be very aggressive, they are few in comparison with those of some other places. He says: In London the foggy days are, on an average, 88, which is the same as in Stuttgart. In Munich they are 47; in Hamburg, 52; in Tegerusse, in the Bavarian Alps, 184; while so few are the clear days in the St. Gothard, that this lofty pass may be said to be enveloped in mist during the greater part of the year; its foggy days are 277 out of the 365.

ROSE asks which article sold for a penny is the best value for that sum.—You could hardly expect us to return any answer but one to such a query. Naturally, we feel bound to assert that this paper is the best value of any penny article sold. But, boasting aside, we really think it would be hard to find better value. The mere cost of paper and printing, with the attendant operations of type-setting, binding, and cutting absorb a large slice of a penny. Then the trade commission has to be considered, and our friends the newsagents can't be expected to work for nothing. When the cost of staff, office expenses, payment for literary work, and outlay on special inducements and prizes are added, it must be pretty evident that the difference between expenditure and receipts is about as small as possible. A paper like this could not possibly be brought out for a penny unless its circulation were very large.

WE SHALL BE GLAD TO HEAR FROM the following applicants, who have written regarding our novel scheme. They will please give their names and addresses, with references, and send photographs if possible, provided, of course, they have not already done so:—

LADIES:—Floral—Lillie Smith—E. J.—Marguerite P.—Jeannie Farnie—H. H.—A. B. C.—F. M. P.—H. C. E.—Haidée—Betty Jones—Laura Thornbury—May Steer—Florence—Fairy—Allie—Rowena—Edelweiss—Sundewer—The Colleen Bawn—Clever—Vixen—Marian Wilson—Floreat Buxtona—Shandon—Arlene St. John—Sweet Nancy.

GENTLEMEN:—Confident—Verdax D.—Arthur N. Liple—Halsard—L. r. r. d.—Liebenden—Eithroe—Genius—Romeo—A. Belleck—T. M. R.—Bert—J. A.—Clarke—Burton—Electric Spark—Un Horologer—A. Bultone—J. F.—Trueheart—F. Grey—Will T.—Hard Norseman—Industrial—J. N. T. C.—Scivi W. of S.—A. F. A.—J. W. H. J.—Romanus—Llewellyn—Boxer.

ONE WHO IS NOT IN IT.—We think we are offering quite enough. No doubt the fortunate couple would be glad of £150 or so to set them up in housekeeping. Most of us could find a good use for such a sum. But we don't feel called upon to enlarge the scope of the scheme to that extent.

BOS.—Your praise would bring a blush to our cheek if the bustle of an editor's life left us time to think of such vanities. We are delighted to hear that, in common with many of our other readers, you prefer P. W. to the older-established papers you mention. Please do not call them "rivals," though. We do not profess to run in rivalry to anybody. We endeavour to bring out a paper sufficiently interesting and ably conducted to secure the support of a large number of people; but we have no desire whatever that any degree of success which may attend our efforts should be detrimental to the interests of anyone else. "There is always room on top," and if an editor cannot place his paper there, so far as quality is concerned, he does not deserve success; if he can, it is bound to come.

E. G. V. writes:—Your correspondent B's interesting letter on St. Kilda recalls to my mind an anecdote told me not long ago by a clergyman whom I met on one of our Clyde steamers. My informant had just been to St. Kilda, where he had visited his friend, the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster showed him round the school, and amongst other questions put to the class he asked, "Can any of you describe to me what a horse is like?" One boy held up his hand, and his description of that useful quadruped was:—"Please, sir, a horse has four legs." This was all the information forthcoming from him or any other boy in the school. There is not a single horse on the island, and as very few of the natives have ever been away from home you will readily understand this seeming ignorance.

S. H. C., who has married a German lady, writes most cordially endorsing the truth of the paragraph headed, "The Training of German Girls." He is positive that Mrs. S. H. C. manages his household far more economically than a British lady would, and we quite agree with him that it is a pity that our girls so seldom receive a thorough training in domestic matters, as is almost invariably the case in Germany.

R. F. J.—About £150,000 a year is paid in pensions to soldiers' widows and allowances to their children. R. G.—Certainly we propose to bring out an index to this paper. The first volume will appear when the twenty-sixth number is published, and will include the index. This will also be sold separately to those subscribers who wish to have their copies bound for themselves. We have already stated our intention to bring out HOME NOTES in book form. This will also be done at the end of the first half-year of the paper's existence. Judging from the number of complimentary letters we receive regarding this page the book should be very popular.

J. P. Q. sounds the following note of warning:—The deaths of many people are caused year after year by that silly article of clothing, the modern vest. You will please observe that a vest is composed of two different kinds of material—thick cloth in the front, and at the back, hidden from view, is the thinnest of thin stuffs. People often wonder why their backs are so icy cold, never thinking of the thin vest. One's back is often exposed to wintry winds and freezing draughts, and so, for want of suitable covering, a cold is caught. Think for a moment of all that a bad cold may lead to, and you will begin to realise what a death-trap is the vest. How is it that tailors have contracted the bad habit of making the backs of vests of such flimsy material? Can it be to spare the cloth and reduce the cost? Must our backs be exposed and our lives endangered for the sake of an extra shilling or two? I would advise all who read this to line the backs of their vests with flannel, for the winter is coming on, and it promises to be a severe winter. 300.

Always thinks that the following curious names of railway stations might be added to those published in a recent issue:—Bay House, Black Bull, Checker House, Oak, Fancote, Flancote, Four Ashes, Kipling Cotes, Mow Cop, Plum Tree, Quoy, Salt, Three Cocks, Tow Law, and Triangle.

G. R. D.—Earthquakes are more frequent in Japan than in anywhere else in the world. On an average one occurs there every day, and once a week Japan feels the effects of an earthquake sufficiently violent to cause injury to people or property, and to occasion the local authorities to render a report of it to the Central Government.

MARK TAPLEY.—There is no reason why you should not write under a *nom de plume*, and have cheques and Post Office orders made payable to you in the name which you adopt.

A. C. S. advances another reason against the system of directing envelopes recently advocated by a correspondent. He points out that a letter addressed to Mr. Auckland, with that gentleman's name put last, would stand a very good chance of being shipped to the Antipodes, for sorters would never know whether the new or the old were adopted, and could not be expected to take the trouble to read the whole address through to find out.

W. L. C.—It is impossible, we think, to give any hard and fast rule as to the age at which a father should retire from his business when he has a son capable of carrying it on. If any of our readers have anything definite to say on this subject we shall be glad to hear from them.

F.—A quarter of the fires in London occur in private houses.

L. S.—The origin of the phrase "At sixes and sevens," meaning "at variance," is probably traceable to the fact that if you write the numerals they all agree in height until you come to six and seven, the former of which goes above the others, and the latter below them.

D. G.—It is rather difficult to answer your query. "In what part of England is the best English spoken?" for, the great spread of education which has taken place in recent years, together with the enormously increased facilities for communication between the different parts of the country, make it very difficult to name any particular district as the one in which our language is most correctly spoken. A great authority on the question, Mr. Treuch, in his book called "English Past and Present," says: "There can be no doubt that the English language in the form which has been classical ever since the fourteenth century is the language of the shires bordering on the great monastic regions of the Fensland. Classical English is neither northern nor southern, but midland." The monasteries were, of course, in the earlier middle ages, the great centres of education, and it is natural that the district where they were most thickly clustered should have been the one in which the language attained its purest form. You may therefore take it that our language as it is now most correctly spoken had its birth in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire.

We find the space at disposal in this page for answering queries insufficient, and will therefore gladly reply by post to those readers who care to enclose stamped envelopes with their letters of enquiry. All general letters accompanied by stamped envelopes will be answered.

OUR TERMS FOR LITERARY WORK.

We propose to pay for accepted original matter at the rate of TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN, a rate higher, we believe, than any in periodical literature. Literateurs must please understand that it is useless to send any but very high-class matter. We have an able permanent staff perfectly capable of producing sufficient to meet requirements, but rather than depend solely upon their efforts, we should like to receive assistance from smart outside contributors. So if any writer has an article or a story of real and striking originality, let him recognise the fact that he can turn it to more profitable account here than elsewhere. We do not require any haphazard matter, of the "Queer Epitaphs" or "Curious Wagers" style. To send anything of the kind would be only to waste contributors' time and our own.

Senders of MSS. should bear in mind the fact that though we endeavour to insure the safe return of those which are unsuitable, and with which stamped envelopes are enclosed, we disclaim any responsibility in this respect. Neither can we undertake the custody of unsuitable MSS., so those with which stamped envelopes are not sent will be destroyed.

POSTAL RATES.

Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

	s.	d.
One Year.....	8	8
Half Year.....	4	4
Three Months.....	2	2

Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.
Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Printed at the Fleet Printing Works, 14, Whitefriars Street, London, E.C.4, for the Proprietors, and published by them, November 6th, 1890.

LADIES, write early for Patterns,
and Purchase from the **SOURCE**
of **MANUFACTURE**.

The **NEW WINTER PATTERNS**
are **NOW READY**, and will
be forwarded **Post Free** on
application.

Earle Works Pottery, Second 10d. per dozen
CARRIAGE PAID.
 Assorted Dishes, Jugs, Teaware, &c.
 Packed in crates, 20, 30, 50, or 100 dozen
 in each.
 Special price for Shopkeepers, Hawkers,
 &c. Lists of other Crates and
 Hampers.

Earle Works Pottery,
LONGTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

Earle Works Pottery, Second 10d. per dozen
CARRIAGE PAID.
 Assorted Dishes, Jugs, Teaware, &c.
 Packed in crates, 20, 30, 50, or 100 dozen
 in each.
 Special price for Shopkeepers, Hawkers,
 &c. Lists of other Crates and
 Hampers.

Earle Works Pottery,
LONGTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

B₂ : Letters Patent.



Ask for (BELLHOUSE'S) PATENT

ELECTRIC
Anti-Rheumatic
TOWEL.

No Bedroom or Bath-room should be without these Towels.

Size about 21 by 45. No. 1 quality, 2/6 each. No. 2 quality, 5/- each. To be obtained through all leading drapers. Also Ladies' Combinations 15 each.
Undervests 12/6 " "
Pants 12/6 " "
Extra heavy Pants and Singlets (Knitted) 15- "

Write for Circulars containing Copy of Press Opinions and Testimonials, and full particulars, to the

ANTI-RHEUMATIC COMPANY, 9, MARSDEN SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

**Business Men Buy
SELL'S TELEGRAPHIC
CODE**

Wonderful
1/- Christmas Packet. 1/-

We will send Forty-eight Popular Songs on one Sheet, tinted paper, finely printed. Twelve Portraits of the World's celebrated Artists. Twenty Pictures of the World's celebrated scenes of the world, each on a separate sheet, superbly engraved and elegantly printed. Twenty-four new and curious samples. Twelve wonderful puzzles. The Magic Cards. The Young Conjuror, consisting of twelve amusing tricks. How to Reveal a Person's Thoughts. The Shadow Pantomime, for Winter Evenings. A Splendid Compendium of Games, comprising Draught Board, Draughts, and Chess Men. Race Game, with horses, complete, and Go Bang and several other amusing games. Sixteen splendid Photographs of celebrated pictures after Landseer and other well-known Artists. A packet of this season's Christmas Cards (alone worth One Shilling) together with one of our grand Illustrated Christmas Catalogues (forty pages), all sent carriage paid, on receipt of the price. Note—Our Office is at THE UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 126, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

GIVEN AWAY
WITH EVERY 6d. AND 1s. BOTTLE OF
**CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD
MEDAL MARKING INK,**

Requiring no heating, & Vouches
entailing Passover to their name
in full or Many Rubbed
Stamp for Many Lines of
Paper, 14 Good and the Most
Useful of all the Marking
Inks, with name in Rubbed, 7d. &
1s. stamps.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B & B PILLS is warranted to cure a wide variety of the urinary organs, in both men and women. Guaranteed free from Mercury, Lead, Constitutional Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Boxes, is 6d. each, by all Chemists and Licensed Medicine Vendors throughout the West, is sent to any address for 45/- stamps by the Makers, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

O'RIDGES' PATENT COOKED FOOD

Excels all others for Infants & Invalids.

The "Excelsior"

SILVER WATCH, 19/-



WONDERFUL time keeper. Small, neat sized. Ladies' service price. Post free. **KNOW ABOUT IT.** Watch, Nickel plated, 7s. 9d. Send for our splendid new catalogue. 1,400 engravings, trace of every possible description of Watches, Jewellery, Electro-plate, Clocks, and Opera glasses. Best and Cheapest in the World. Send for the book and prove it. **WATCH** Engraving, G. L. & CO. DUN DAVIE & CO., 116, Bristol Street, Birmingham.

MONEY.

IF YOU WANT A LOAN ON EASY TERMS, without
trouble or delay, apply personally, or by letter, to Mr.
H. W. JAMES, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

WANTED—EVERY LADY to send for the WONDERFUL PARCEL containing
1 Beautiful Lace Apron (special value), 1 Lace Handkerchief, 6 yards Nottingham
Lace, and 12 Engravings. Carriage paid for 14s. A Packet of Bonds presented with every
parcel.—W. COTTON, Lace Manufacturer, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

Towle's
Pennyroyal AND
Steel Pills
FOR FEMALES

Important to Borrowers.
ADVANCES granted PRIVATELY, from
£10 to £1,000,
to Ladies, Gentlemen, and Traders generally, upon their **NOTE OF HAND ALONE**, or upon Mortgage of Furniture, Plant, Stock, &c., without removal also upon Life Policies, Deeds, Reversions, &c., at **FIVE PER CENT.** For further particulars apply to the actual lender,
MR. A. EDWARDS, 46 & 47, Temple Chambers,
Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

EGYPTIAN GOLD & CARBON DIAMONDS.

The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance real Gold, and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c. the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. They are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive diamonds.



Engraved Keeper,
beautifully chased
and well finished,
equal to one costing
5s., stamped 18ct.
detection defied.
Post free, 1s. 6d.



Wedding Rings.
Equals 22ct., and is stamped, has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters. Price free 1s. 6d.



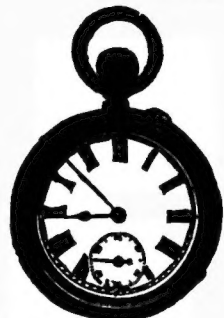
**Ladies 5-Stone
Half-Hoop Dress-
Ring.**
Very handsome (our
specialité); mixed
stones; wear
guaranteed; equal
to one costing £5.
Post free 1s. 6d.



**Gents. Single-
Stone Lustrous
Brilliant Claw
Ring.**
Most fashionable
setting(The Jubilee).
No more £20 ones
required—this is as
good. Post free
1s. 6d.



Five-Stone Half
Hoop Ring, 3s. 6d.
Very Handsome
Diamonds or Mixe
Stones, 3s. 6d.
Handsome Engage
ment Ring.



**Gents.' Massive
Bloodstone Signet
Ring.**
Really marvellous
value.
Selling in thousands
Post Free, 2s. 9d.
With Polished
Metal Top instead
of Stone, can be
had.
For size of finger
cut hole in card.

Given Away.  **Given Away.**

UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

50,000 WATCHES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.—In order to introduce our **EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY** to the notice of the readers of this Journal, we intend **PRESENTING A WATCH**, as shown in engraving, to every purchaser of one of our **GOLD CHAINS**, which for wear and appearance equals one costing £10.

We are daily receiving hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Intending purchasers should **SEND AT ONCE** in order to secure this wonderful **GIFT**.

Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps for 2s. 6d. Two, post free, 6s. 3d. Locket or Seal Charm, 1s. extra.

Illustrated Catalogue

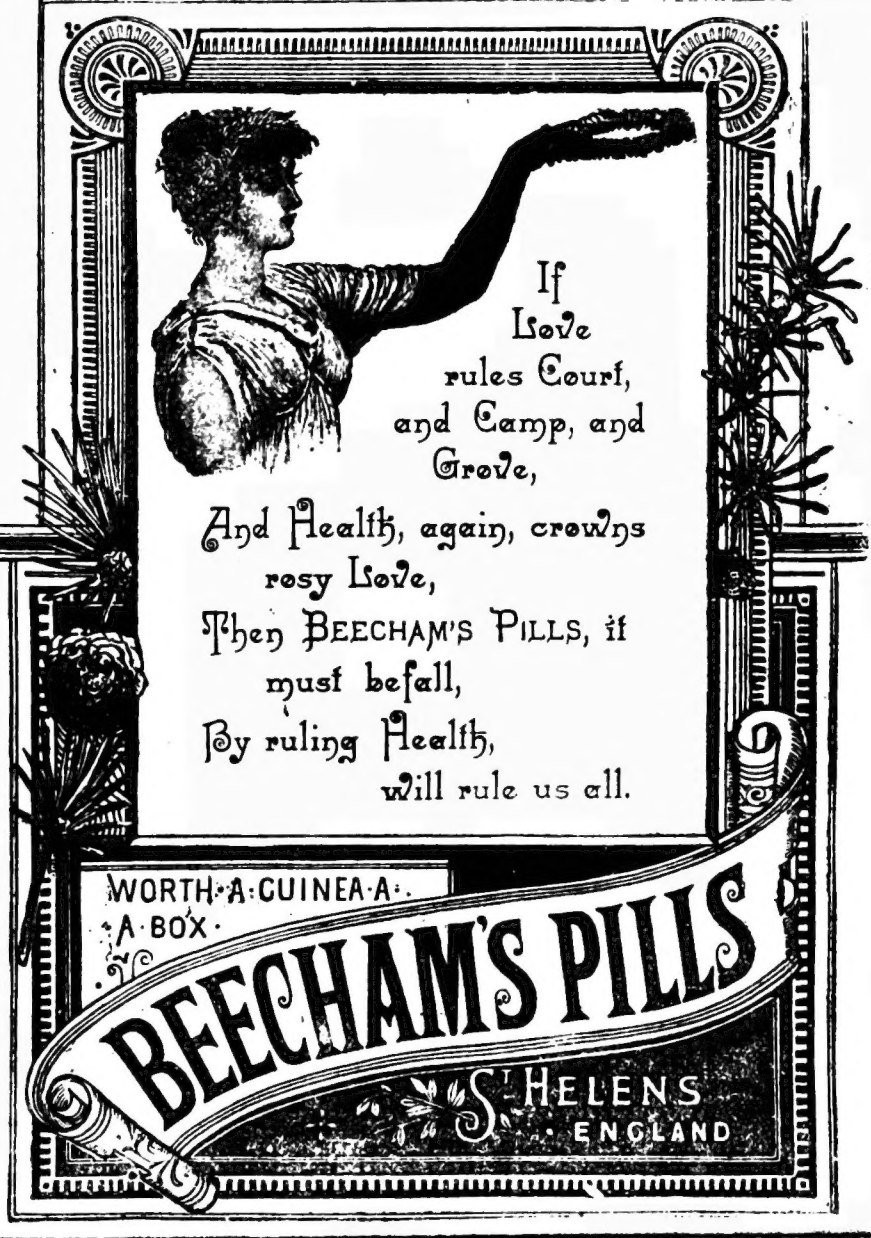
Post Free.

NOTICE. — All Goods not approved of will be exchanged. Postal Orders preferred. Send for our handsome Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Jewellery, post free.

READ THIS.
24, Edge Lane, Liverpool,
February 13th, 1888.
MISS WOOD says: "Kindly
send me one of your chains. I
have seen one, and also the
Watch sent with it. I am high-
ly pleased with them, as they
far surpass what I expected."

P. GRAHAM & CO., 277, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

All communications with reference to Advertising should be sent to Advertisement
Publishing and Editorial Offices:



Department, "Pearson's Weekly," Bell's, 167 & 168, Fleet Street, London E.C. 4.
 & Chambers, London. E.C. 4.

“Coleman's”

**PRESERVES
HEALTH,
STRENGTH,
AND
ENERGY.**

Liebig's

**FLESH - FORMING,
STIMULATING,
NUTRITIOUS.**

Extract of Meat & Malt

Wine

COLEMAN'S Liebig's Extract
of Meat and Malt WINE.
HEALTH RESTORING.
Thousands of Testimonials
from all parts.

COLEMAN'S Liebig's Extract
of Meat and Malt WINE.
STRENGTHENING.
Strongly Recommended by
the Medical Faculty.



COLEMAN'S LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE.

OVER 2,000 TESTIMONIALS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM MEDICAL MEN.

Important Unsolicited Testimonial from T. REGINALD JONES, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.L.M., K.Q.C.P.I., & Co., & Co.
26, Lorne Road, and 24, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, September 21, 1890.

Gentlemen,—

I desire to express to you how highly pleased I am with your preparation of Meat and Wine. I have over and over again witnessed its effects with my patients, for whom I always order it. In many cases it has acted like a charm, and in a way that ordinary Wine (I mean Wine without Meat) could not do. Not only so, but I use it myself when I feel low or wearied by over-work, and I never knew it fail.—I remain, Gentlemen, yours sincerely,

COLEMAN'S LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE is a Delicious Beverage and Tonic made from Port Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat Extract of Malt; Nutritious, Strengthening, Stimulating, Flesh-forming, and Health-restoring; suitable for the Robust in Health, as well as the Invalid. Sold by all Druggists, Wine Merchants, and Patent Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom, in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each. Ask for COLEMAN'S LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE, "and cheer signature on the label." Should there be any difficulty in obtaining the Wine, write to the Manufacturers, who will forward sample; Pint bottle, free by post on receipt of 2s. stamps; Dozen, free by Rail, 80s. Address, COLEMAN & CO., Limited, St. George's, Norwich (London Office, 8, New London Street, E.C.). Sole Proprietors of "Osmason" the new Beef Tea. Sold in bottles by Grocers and Chemists everywhere.

All communications with reference to Advertising should be sent to Advertising Department, "Pearson's Weekly," Self's, 167 & 168, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
Publishing and Editorial Offices:—Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.